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# The People

London Edition

SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1939

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## Bermaline

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## Cabinet To Consider Plan For Compulsory Military Service

# HALF-MILLION MEN AGED 18, 19, 20 MAY BE CALLED UP

BY OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

**A** PROPOSAL THAT EVERY YOUNG MAN OF 18, 19, AND 20 SHOULD BE CALLED TO THE COLOURS IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE FOR A YEAR'S TRAINING IS, I UNDERSTAND, TO BE CONSIDERED BY THE CABINET TO-MORROW.

The French Government has urged that such a step should be taken in the interests of peace.

Half-a-million men could be conscripted immediately if the Cabinet decides to adopt the scheme and the House of Commons approves it.

A report which has been prepared for the Cabinet says that conscription is necessary for a few years until European conditions have calmed down. Then compulsory service could be dropped.

Mr. Chamberlain will ask his Ministers to give him their views with complete frankness.

### FRENCH VIEW

This new move for conscription follows a visit to Paris by Sir Robert Vansittart, Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Government.

The French Cabinet asked him to tell Mr. Chamberlain that:

(1) Unless Britain introduces compulsory military service Hitler will never believe that Britain means business, and will go on invading one country after another until he precipitates the world war which everyone is anxious to avoid.

(2) Unless Britain conscripts its young men there will be considerable feeling in France. The French people will say that Britain is willing to use its money power and industrial power but not its man power.

Russia, too, has hinted that she would be more willing to enter into a military alliance with Britain if this country had a big Army.

### FEW EXEMPTIONS

The War Office is backing the conscription plan. Military chiefs say the Territorial system, and the daily voluntary enlistments into the regular Army, do not allow men to be efficiently trained.

Wholesale conscription of the eighteen-, nineteen- and twenty-year-old classes would mean that every man would be at the same state of training at the same time.

If the conscription plan goes through, every class of the community will be affected. Exemption will be granted only on very special grounds.

One-half of the men called up will be detailed for home defence and anti-aircraft work. The others will join the Field Army.

DIDN'T  
WANT  
TO SAY  
GOOD-  
BYE



Little Jean Cosker registering disappointment at not being able to go with his father when the band of H.M. Coldstream Guards left Waterloo yesterday for the U.S., where they will play at the British Pavilion at the World Fair.

### Little States Answer Hitler

## SOME SAY, "WE SHALL FIGHT IF..."

**A** MOVE MADE BY HERR HITLER, INTENDED AS A COUNTERBLAST TO THE PEACE PLEA WHICH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ADDRESSED LAST WEEK TO THE GERMAN AND ITALIAN DICTATORS, IS MEETING WITH A RESULT WHICH MAY NOT BE ENTIRELY WHAT HE EXPECTED.

Herr Hitler asked each of the smaller countries bordering upon Germany two questions:—

(a) Do you consider yourself menaced by Germany?

(b) Did you know about the Roosevelt message before it was sent?

It is regarded as almost certain that little else than a diplomatic "No" was anticipated in reply to these questions. In that case, Herr Hitler, when he announces his answer to Mr. Roosevelt in the Reichstag next Friday could have declared: "All our neighbours say they do not fear Germany."

Holland, however—and Switzerland, too—announced yesterday that they would fight if attacked.

While all the countries approached by Herr Hitler disclaimed prior knowledge of the Roosevelt message, most of them added that they were quite capable of defending themselves in the event of war, and that relied upon the pledges of the bigger Powers, including Germany herself.

Here are some of the answers.

**HOLLAND:** The Dutch Government did not initiate the Roosevelt message, of which it had no knowledge before publication. The Dutch do not feel threatened; but in the event of a European war, Holland will defend herself with all means at her disposal.

**SWITZERLAND:** The Swiss Federal Council was not notified of President Roosevelt's intention to send his appeal. It is confident that Swiss neutrality will be respected, and is prepared to defend by arms that neutrality—which Germany and other neighbouring States have emphatically recognised.

### REMINDER TO GERMANY

**LITHUANIA:** The Lithuanian Government refers the Germans to Article 4 of the Memel Treaty of March 22, in which Germany bound herself never to resort to, or support, force against Lithuania.

**FINLAND:** The Finnish Government does not feel that the country's neutrality is menaced by Germany, nor did it have advance knowledge of the peace appeal.

**BELGIUM:** While the Belgian answer has not yet been received, it is understood that it includes a reference to the 1937 guarantee of Belgium's integrity by Germany, Britain and France and adds that Belgium has no reason to doubt the word of any of these great Powers.

**SWEDEN:** "We do not feel threatened." That is the verbal reply given to Herr Hitler's query, says British United Press.

**DENMARK:** It is being reported in Copenhagen that the Danish Government has replied that Denmark does not feel herself threatened.

## VICTORY MARCH IN MADRID ON MAY 15

Burgos, Saturday.  
General Franco's "Victory Parade" through Madrid is definitely announced for May 15.

All cities will have celebrations on May 14 stressing the local customs. At midnight beacons will be lit on the highest hills in each province.

May 15 will be the day of national celebration centring on Madrid, when General Franco will make a triumphal entry into the capital. There will be a service at the church of San Francisco the Great, followed by the big military parade for which the Italian troops are staying in Spain.—B.U.P.

## Queen Geraldine Rejects £200,000 Offer

Budapest, Saturday.  
QUEEN GERALDINE of Albania, formerly Countess Apponyi of Budapest, has declined an offer of £200,000 from an American film company.

Her solicitor stated to-day on her behalf:—"Her Majesty has refused. She does not wish to become an object for public curiosity. The King's private fortune is sufficient to guarantee him and his family a comfortable bourgeois existence."

It is probable that the Royal Family will request permission from Great Britain to live in Egypt, where they are now going.

### Europe's Statesmen

#### Hold the Stage

## INTENSE DIPLOMATIC ACTIVITY

**E**UROPE'S MASSES DO NOT FIGURE IN THE NEWS THIS WEEK-END. INSTEAD, THE STAGE IS HELD BY STATESMEN ENGAGED IN INTENSE DIPLOMATIC ACTIVITY, MARSHALLING THE POLITICAL FORCES OF THE NATIONS.

Chief interest is centred in the meeting, in Venice, between Count Ciano, Italian Foreign Minister, and Dr. Cinciarovich, Foreign Minister of Yugoslavia.

The aim of the talk is to include Jugoslavia in the Rome-Berlin "Axis."

JUGOSLAVIA'S attitude to the problems of the moment is said to be influenced by the impression that Hungary has ambitions on that portion of Jugoslavia which was Hungarian territory till after the war.

The latest report from Venice, says the British United Press, is to the effect that Jugoslavia is willing to discuss the possibility of signing a non-aggression agreement with Hungary, and that she will join the anti-Comintern pact later.

### APPEAL BY 10,000

A Reuter message late last night, however, reported that 10,000 young Jugoslavs at a monster meeting at Belgrade University, had declared themselves on the side of democracy and had appealed to their Government not to cover secret adhesion to the aggressor with a cloak of neutrality.

News from other centres last night included:—

**PARIS:** Moves by Britain and France for a three-power pact with Russia are centred in Paris at present. M. Daladier, the French Premier, who conferred with Sir Eric Phipps, the British Ambassador, and M. Bonnet, the French Foreign Minister, is working hard to reconcile the points of view of the three nations concerned.

**RUSSIA:** M. Maisky, the Russian Ambassador to Britain, who recently went to Moscow to report to the Soviet Government on the British attitude, is expected to leave Moscow for London to-day. His early return is believed to indicate favourable progress in the negotiations between Britain and Russia.

**SPAIN:** A denial has been issued that Spain is making any warlike preparations. Objection is taken to reports linking that country with "the names of Gibraltar and Tangier," and it is reiterated that her firm resolution is to dedicate herself entirely to the great task of national reconstruction.

### Mortgages In War-Time

## Protection For Two Million Men

FROM OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

**M**EMBERS OF PARLIAMENT, AND MILLIONS OF PEOPLE BESIDES, WANT TO KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO MEN WHO ARE BUYING THEIR HOUSES THROUGH BUILDING SOCIETIES IF THEY ARE CALLED UP TO SERVE IN THE ARMY. THERE ARE 2,000,000 OF THESE MEN.

At present, they are earning sufficient money to enable them to make their monthly repayments and to meet the rates on their property.

If they had to serve in the Army—most of them as members of the rank and file—the amount they would receive in Army pay, plus the allowances for their wives and children, would make it impossible for them to meet their liabilities.

This important question is to be brought to the notice of the Prime Minister on Tuesday by Wing-Commander Wright, M.P. for Erdington, Birmingham.

He wants the Government to prepare a scheme which would protect these people against unfair loss.

I understand that for some time past

Treasury officials have been drawing up various proposals to meet such cases and that these will be placed, in due course, before the Cabinet for approval.

### BAN ON FORECLOSURE

The basis of the proposals will be:—No man who joins the Forces will find his mortgage increased as a result. Building Societies and others will not be allowed to foreclose.

The right of the man's family to continue in occupation of the house will be undisputed.

It is known that points which have been considered by the Government have included a moratorium, payments by the State to Building Societies to reimburse them for loss of payments, and a system whereby soldiers with heavy "civil liabilities" would get a supplementary payment to enable them to maintain payments.

### "Professional Widows"

## 100 CRIMES OF "POISON RING"

Philadelphia, Saturday.

**D**ESCRIBED BY THE POLICE AS A "PROFESSIONAL WIDOW," AND MEMBER OF A "POISON RING" THAT IS SUSPECTED OF AT LEAST 100 CRIMES, MRS. CARINA FAVATO NOW AWAITS SENTENCE HERE.

Last night this buxom housewife confessed to three murders.

She had been on trial since Tuesday on a charge of murdering her seventeen-year-old stepson, Philip Ingrao, by giving him arsenic.

Mrs. Favato was said to have insured her stepson, who earned \$2,601 a week as an errand-boy, for \$2,601 in five different policies.

She is the second member of the alleged "ring" to be tried.

The first was Herman Petrillo, convicted of first-degree murder. His associate, Paul Petrillo, described as a "witch doctor" and the "brains" of the "ring," is awaiting trial.

Mrs. Stella Alfonsi and Mrs. Susie di Martino, widows of men alleged to have been poisoned, are also awaiting trial.

### "TALKS" WITH "OLD NICK"

Paul Petrillo is alleged to have practised black magic rites, Voodooism and witchcraft.

Petrillo, according to the police, claimed that he could, and did, talk with "Old Nick" himself. He is said to have taken lessons from a black "seeress" at a fee of 2s. each.

Captain James Kelly, of the Phila-

delphia homicide squad, says of one woman member of the gang:—

"Her technique was simple. She would select a victim, marry him or live with him, and cajole him into insuring his life. Then she would give him arsenic."

The "ring" was discovered when the police were watching the Petrillos for counterfeiting.

Paul Petrillo was arrested on the evidence of his nephew, John Caccopardo, now serving 30 years for the murder of his sweetheart, Molly Starace, in 1936.

Caccopardo asserted that his uncle was the master-mind of the "ring," and had tried to persuade him to join it.

When he refused, he said: "Petrillo killed Molly and 'framed' me."—B.U.P.

### On Other Pages

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### Crowd Watch Sea Drama

## Six Men Lost in Lifeboat Disaster

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Tynemouth, Saturday.

**F**IVE MEN AND A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD NAVAL CADET WERE DROWNED TO-DAY WHEN THE CULLERCOATS MOTOR LIFE-BOAT, THE RICHARD SILVER OLIVER, OVERTURNED IN HEAVY SEAS OFF LONG SANDS, TYNEMOUTH.

The lifeboat, out on a practice run, had ten occupants, who were all flung into the sea when she capsized.

Three who were rescued were detained in Tynemouth Infirmary, one in a critical condition.

The tenth man, who was thought to be missing, was found later washed ashore in safety. He is James Carmichael, of Huddlestons, Cullercoats.

The disaster occurred only a few hundred yards from the shore, but rescue efforts were hampered by the breakers caused by a strong north-easterly wind.

Eventually the lifeboat, claimed to be one of the most modern on the North-East Coast, was washed ashore at King Edward's Bay, between Tynemouth and Cullercoats.

### BOAT SUDDENLY TURNS TURTLE

Those who lost their lives were Commander R. Blakeley Booth, local secretary of the R.N.L.I.; Kenneth Biggar, aged sixteen, his stepson, who was a cadet at Osborne; Coxswain George Brunton; Engineer A. Abel; Second Coxswain Redford Armstrong; John H. Scott, all of Cullercoats.

The Bowman, Jacob W. Brunton, was taken to the infirmary in a critical condition. Mr. J. W. Smith, a R.N.L.I. Inspector, of Cullercoats, and Andrew Oliver Tweedy, of Back-row, Cullercoats, were also detained.

People on shore saw the lifeboat suddenly turn turtle, and saw some of the crew, who were all wearing lifebelts, cling to her sides.

Mr. Dunn, of Cullercoats, told me:

"I saw the lifeboat overturn, throwing its crew into the water. Eventually all except one managed to cling to the side, but when the boat was washed up on the sands, only two still retained their hold."

"Just before it came ashore, a third man lost his hold, and was last seen about 150 yards from the promenade. The tide was running out very strongly."

The man who lost his hold within

sight of safety is believed to have been Scott.

Another eye-witness said that before the disaster the lifeboat appeared to be riding the seas parallel to the waves, and a particularly big one hit her, causing her to overturn.

As the overturned boat and her crew were carried shorewards, rescuers fought the breakers to bring the men ashore. Tynemouth lifeboat also put out and spent over an hour searching for members of the crew who might have been washed ashore.

Kenneth Biggar was spending a holiday with his stepfather, and a friend said:

"Commander Booth used to go out with the crew sometimes, and to-day took his stepson with him. Commander Booth was unconscious when he was brought to the beach, and although artificial respiration was tried for several hours, there was no sign of life."

"I think all the others were dead when they reached the beach." Abel, the engineer, was in the lifeboat for the first time.

### ALL VILLAGE IN MOURNING

Cullercoats, charming little fishing village, was in mourning to-night for those who had lost their lives. The Richard Silver Oliver had been in commission for about a year, and the village's sorrow was made the more poignant by the fact that the boat had not been out on a live-saving mission.

By a tragic coincidence, it was Lifeboat Day in the Newcastle district. One of the heroes of the rescue was Police Constable Carr, of Tynemouth Police, who rushed into the sea in his uniform and waded and swam out with a lifeline.

He brought back a man whom he found underneath the boat, and then assisted in bringing ashore two other bodies.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER

Moderate north-west to west winds; bright periods; some showers, heavy locally with thunder possible; average temperature; ground frost at night. Further outlook: Rain in most districts; becoming milder.

# How to treat your wife

Men have a way of keeping a good thing to themselves. For instance, sir, how often have you thought of treating your wife to a Guinness? Why shouldn't she enjoy that incomparable flavour as much as you do? Don't let her think that because Guinness is dark it must be heavy. Stand her a Guinness and she'll soon realise how clean and refreshing is the taste of a Guinness.

'Guinness is good for you'—that's as true for women as it is for men. Many doctors have written to say that they regard a Guinness a day as a tonic of the utmost value to women. It makes their work lighter and their day brighter. Treat yourself and your wife to a Guinness at dinner. Order half-a-dozen Guinness for the home.



G.E.B.C.







## Smashing A Reign Of Terrorism

## "YARD" BEATING THE WRECKERS

C.I.D. Search House

## "SECRETS FOUND IN COAT"

From Our Own Correspondent  
Sheffield, Saturday.

C.I.D. men searching a house in Musgrave-place, Sheffield, found in an overcoat there a typewritten copy of "a very secret and confidential War Office document."

This was alleged here to-day, when Edward Walter Edwards, aged thirty-seven, who had lodged in the house, was remanded in custody until Friday on a charge under the Official Secrets Act.

Edwards was charged that, being employed by a person who holds office under His Majesty, he retained a copy of a secret document.

Det-Supt. Allen, Chief of Sheffield C.I.D., said that with Chief Superintendent Bristow and another officer he visited the address and made a search.

"In the pocket of an overcoat hanging at the foot of the stairs," he said, "I found a typewritten copy of a very secret and confidential document issued from the War Office."

Supt. Allen alleged that Edwards admitted that the coat was his and that everything in the pocket had been traced to him.

A typewritten copy of another secret document was found on Edwards, who made no reply to the charge.

Britain's Perfect Woman



Christabel Porter, platinum blonde, of Rochester, Kent, the artist's model, chosen as Britain's Perfect Woman, keeps fit with a spot of gardening.

## HOW "S" PLAN OF I.R.A. WAS UNEARTHED

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

BY A SERIES OF BRILLIANT MOVES, SCOTLAND YARD BAND POLICE IN VARIOUS PARTS OF GREAT BRITAIN ARE SMASHING THE MENACE OF THE I.R.A., WHO HAD Sought TO ESTABLISH A REIGN OF TERROR HERE.

They have frustrated recent bombing attempts, swooped on suspected arsenals, and brought about the conviction of the ring-leaders, who are now serving long sentences of imprisonment.

In this work men from the Special Branch and the Secret Service have rendered yeoman aid.

Posing as civilians, living in Ireland under assumed names, they have gradually accumulated a mass of evidence. Their information or clues have wrecked the elaborate machinery which had been set up "to baffle the strength and resources of the English Government."

From them came the lead which led to the discovery of the "S" Plan—the plot to destroy bridges, communications, power plant, important buildings and factories.

From them, too, came the news of other groups of wreckers who had established H.Q. in London and were planning a series of explosions.

The Yard pounced, grabbed large consignments of "jelly," and found secret hide-outs containing valuable documents.

As a result of these raids several men are on the run. They are known to the police and won't get far.

Even though their arrest may be delayed their sphere of terrorism has gone. In Ireland, too, things are moving swiftly. True the pirate radio van of the I.R.A. "high command" has not yet been located, but the chase is getting so hot that the voice which rang through the ether warning "Republicans not to carry incriminating documents" has been silent for over a week.

## CONSTANT RAIDS

The Yard's main difficulty in dealing with the wreckers has so far been that as soon as one "key" man is arrested, another takes his place in "The Squad," as the I.R.A. call the men specially selected for "difficult and dangerous jobs."

But the police have met each fresh challenge so efficiently that recruits are now plainly discouraged.

Constant raids and searches, all-night vigils at suspected houses, questioning of hundreds of Irishmen, keen watch kept on the Irish boats have all contributed to the desired effect.

Nowhere in Britain are the police taking chances, however. A twenty-four-hour guard to prevent the sabotage of valuable property still goes on.

Bridges spanning the Thames and other vulnerable vital points are still being closely guarded; river patrols have been doubled. Nor will precautions relax until the police are satisfied that I.R.A. activities have been thoroughly stamped out.

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## Explosion At Ice-Cream Factory



## Windows Shattered and Paving Stones Blown Into Road

PAVING stones were dislodged and glass of ten windows facing Hammersmith-rd. was shattered by an explosion in the ice-cream factory of J. Lyons and Co., at Cadby Hall, yesterday.

The explosion followed an escape of ammonia during repairs in the refrigerating room in the basement. A door was blown out and other damage done to the interior, but the plant was working normally again in three-quarters of an hour.

Noise of the explosion startled visitors to Olympia, and crowds in the vicinity, who thought it was another bomb outrage.

## French Defence

## £75,000,000 ARMAMENT DECREES

Paris, Saturday.  
DECREES OPENING CREDITS AMOUNTING TO A TOTAL OF £75,000,000 ARE PUBLISHED IN THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL HERE TO-DAY.

They follow M. Reynaud's broadcast last night, in which he stated that France intended to spend a further £85,000,000 on armaments.

The sum of £75,000,000 is divided as follows:—

Ministry of National Defence and War, £21,000,000;  
Ministry of Air, £30,000,000;  
Ministry of Marine, £24,000,000;  
Colonies, £30,000,000.

Of the marine expenditure, one credit of £7,000,000 is for laying down a number of new warships.

In addition, the Ministry of Marine is authorised to build, or acquire, before April 1, 1940, 18 fast motor launches, 12 dredgers and one floating dock.—Reuter.

## SOVIET AIR MIGHT

RUSSIA, whose air fleet is already the most powerful in the world, will have an output of 15,000 military planes a year by 1940.

Her army of from ten to thirteen million men is numerically strongest, her industrial resources are developing rapidly and her man-power is tremendous.

These conclusions are given by Mr. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., in a pamphlet issued yesterday by the Anglo-Russian Parliamentary Committee.

He estimates that Russia has 10,000 tanks.

## CHANNEL "HOPPED" IN A GLIDER

GLIDING HISTORY WAS MADE YESTERDAY BY MR. G. H. STEVENSON, OF THE LONDON GLIDING CLUB, WHEN HE CROSSED THE ENGLISH CHANNEL ON A SOARING FLIGHT.

This is the first time this has been achieved. The Channel was crossed in a glider some years ago, but on that occasion an aeroplane was used to give the glider altitude.

Mr. Stevenson, who is a member of the London and Surrey gliding clubs, took off from Dunstable and landed three hours later near Boulogne.

A member of the club said that to achieve such a flight Mr. Stevenson would probably have to attain an altitude of about 7,000 to 8,000 feet.

Aged twenty-seven, Mr. Stevenson lives at Hayes, Middlesex, and is a television engineer.

## GIRL OF NINE WHO VANISHED IN NIGHT

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

BOY SCOUTS AND GIRL GUIDES TO-DAY HELPED MOBILE POLICE AND CIVILIANS TO SCOUR THE COUNTRYSIDE AROUND CHESSINGTON FOR A NINE-YEARS-OLD GIRL, MISSING FROM HER HOME.

She is Patricia Violet Burnett, who belongs to a local Brownie Pack, and who disappeared yesterday morning from her home at Billocky Close, Chessington.

Her father, William Burnett, an aircraft engineer, searched the streets of Kingston to-day, showing everyone he met a photograph of the child, and asking them: "Have you seen my daughter, Pat?"

Mrs. Burnett told me that on Friday morning when she went to call Pat for school she found her bed empty.

We waited until the afternoon, expecting her home, and when she did not come we told the police," Mrs. Burnett said.

"Pat had not gone to school. The previous night I scolded her for coming in late. She must have crept downstairs from her own room carrying her

clothes, dressed in the dining-room and gone out through the back door.

"Her dressing-gown and nightdress were lying in the dining-room. We heard no sound."

Near Pat's home is the Chessington Zoo. Keepers there have been asked to keep a look-out because it is thought the girl might go to see the animals, as, a few weeks ago, she was disappointed over a promised visit.

Gypsies returning from Epsom Downs have been questioned.

Mrs. Burnett thinks a kindly gypsy woman may have taken Pat into her caravan to give her shelter.

## 33 CARS LOST IN GARAGE FIRE

Clacton, Saturday.

THIRTY cars, two new lorries and an ambulance were destroyed in a fire at Bryans Garage, Old-rd., Clacton, to-day.

The garage was burned out, but Clacton Fire Brigade saved the workshop and showroom.

Mr. A. T. Bryan, son of the owner, received a severe injury to his hand while aiding rescuers.

Mr. J. S. Horsfield, transport officer of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, who lives near by, said: "Flames were shooting up from the garage roof to a tremendous height. It was like an inferno, and I dashed across, but saw that any attempt to get the ambulance away was out of the question. If I had even opened the door I should have been burned to death."

The municipal authorities urged all citizens to be on the alert and to report suspicious characters.

A committee of ex-Servicemen is watching the area and guarding places which might be attacked.

Leading officials of the power plants said that precautions were taken because of general disturbances abroad.—B.U.P.

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## BOAT TRAIN'S GUARD AGAINST TERRORISTS

Paris, Saturday.

THE French "Scotland Yard," the Sûreté Nationale, placed a special guard on the boat train from Paris to Cherbourg, connecting with the Aquitania, to-day. There were rumours that terrorist attempts might be made.

The train is stated to be carrying gold to the value of £1,110,000.

It was also reported that trains carrying consignments of gold to the liner from Brussels and Amsterdam might be the object of attempts.

All the foreign Embassies and Legations in Paris, including the British, are under a night-and-day guard since the burning of the liner Paris at Le Havre.

NIAGARA FEARS Reports from New York last night state that drastic precautions have been taken at Niagara Falls to safeguard vital industries and hydro-electric plants after the discovery of a box containing 50 lbs. of dynamite at Sault Sainte Marie.

It was stated by the police that the dynamite had been placed there in connection with a plot to destroy the important canal joining Lake Huron and Lake Superior.

The municipal authorities urged all citizens to be on the alert and to report suspicious characters.

A committee of ex-Servicemen is watching the area and guarding places which might be attacked.

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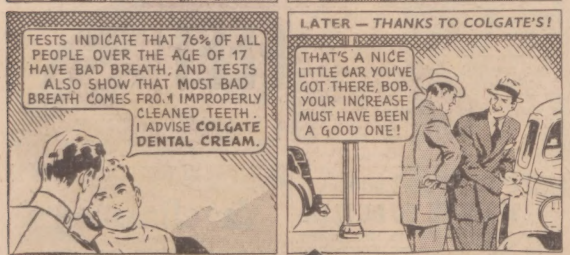
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At last you have the secret of bright and breezy health—a lively liver. It fills you with life and laughter. No more grumpy mornings, no more listless afternoons or dog-tired evenings. With the Livaclean habit you rise full of beans, drink your glass of bubbling Livaclean, and skip to breakfast with a "mountain air" appetite. Then off to job or duties with sprightly step and happy heart. Yes, with Livaclean it really is a grand life!

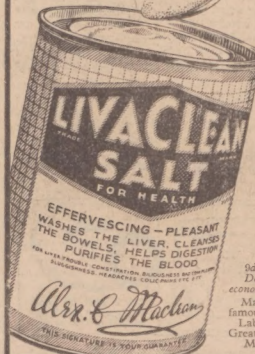
## YOUR SYSTEM WILL WELCOME THIS CHANGE

In the hustle and bustle of to-day the liver has a tough time. Sedentary life, stodgy foods, hurried meals, crowded amusements, little exercise—the poor liver just can't cope with it all and food waste and impurities burden body and brain.

Poisons seep into the blood. Energy goes, spirits droop, work drags. You get aged and inactive.

A bubbling daily glassful of

Livaclean puts an end to all this. Livaclean is a great health tonic. It energizes your natural processes so that waste and poisons are regularly flushed away and the blood refreshed. It assures the free flow of bile needed for good digestion. It stimulates the whole system as never before. You'll be a brighter, happier, fitter person on a daily glass of Livaclean.







**When it's NO SMOKING by Order**

When smoking's not allowed work can be utter misery. But pop in a Rowntree Fruit Gum or Pastille—at once your mouth feels good, your throat better. That 'no-smoking' feeling goes—goes—that 'want-something-in-my-mouth' feeling goes—goes—goes! It's not just the taste of fruit in Jitteriness vanishes! It's not just the taste of fruit in Rowntree's Fruit Gums and Pastilles that does it! Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles soothe and protect the mouth and throat in a way no other sweets can. Lasting, soothing relief!

**Let Rowntree's refresh and soothe**

Mixed Clear Gums (Hard—long-lasting)  
Mixed Pastilles (Sugar-coated—softer)

**2d TUBES 3d & 6d packets**

Pop a packet in your pocket on your way to work each day!

Gar. 15D



## ARE PEOPLE THINKING THIS ABOUT YOU?

Do you feel in your heart that you are slowing down, losing your grip, ageing before your time? And that others know it too—your boss, your wife, even your friends? Are they thinking that you're not the man you used to be?

What is wrong? You try taking things quietly and still you're tired out before the day is over. You try to rouse yourself and still you feel depressed, nervy, irritable, off colour, weighed down with minor aches and pains. Nothing you do makes any difference.

It's not right. You shouldn't be like this. You've years of experience behind you. You know more than you ever knew before. You ought to be at the very top of your powers in mind and body. Why aren't you?

Is there an answer to your problem?

Doctors say "Yes"

A group of doctors have been studying hundreds of cases just like yours. They know that your condition is due to "ageing" poisons seeping into your system from your colon, day and night, hour by hour, just like the poison from a decayed tooth.

Your colon is a large tube below the small intestine. It is a kind of waiting-room where the body's waste matter collects after passing through forty feet of bowel. This waste matter should always be moist and slippery so that it can slide out of the colon and be expelled completely at least once every day.

But as you get older, the colon fails to retain sufficient fluid to keep its contents moist and soft. Parts of the collecting waste matter become dry and form crusts on the colon wall so that it becomes "furried-up" like a water-pipe or kettle.

This stagnant waste matter decays and forms poisons which seep into the bloodstream and spread to every part of the system, weaken you physically and dull you mentally. You get aches and twinges in your back and limbs. You puff on stairs. You sleep badly. You lose your appetite—get indigestion. You feel constantly tired, flat, fit for nothing.

### How to Correct "Furried Colon"

After working for 9 months, doctors have just completed over 1,400 clinical experiments on men and women volunteer patients. They found that 1.2 grams of Kruschen Salts (just enough to cover a sixpence) taken first thing every morning actually reproduces Nature by retaining just the right amount of moistening fluid in the colon to prevent the formation of poison-breeding crusts (furried colon), and to keep the colon sweet and clean.

"We found," reported the doctors, "that, unlike other preparations in common use, the small daily dose of Kruschen did not irritate the stomach or small intestine. It did not flush out valuable nutriment along with the waste matter nor did it weaken the system or

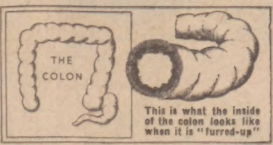
form the slightest harmful habit. We consider this is one of the most important investigations we have made and that the small daily dose of Kruschen is the most satisfactory aid to colon cleanliness known to science."

These clinical tests confirm what millions of happy Kruschen users in every part of the world already know to be true—that this simple daily health rule keeps them physically and mentally young, whatever their age.

You, too!

Start tomorrow taking a pinch of Kruschen in your early morning tea or warm water. You will begin to benefit inside a week. Within a month you will hardly know yourself. As the rich red blood, free of poisons, surges through your veins you'll feel such health, power and confidence as you haven't known for years. You'll look younger—feel younger. What is more, you'll keep younger as you continue each day with your "little daily dose."

Don't delay one day more. Your chemist has Kruschen. The 1/9d. bottle lasts three months. Smaller sizes for as little as 6d. and 1/- Start in earnest taking your "little daily dose" tomorrow morning. Keep youthful for a farthing a day.



# £31,000,000 Wonder Fair Is Pride Of America

## "Colossal"—And U.S. Is Right

THE £31,000,000 NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR, WHICH PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WILL OPEN NEXT SUNDAY IN THE PRESENCE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF 60 NATIONS, COVERS AN AREA—1,216 ACRES—ABOUT EQUAL TO THAT OF HYDE PARK AND KENSINGTON GARDENS COMBINED.

It is anticipated that there will be 1,000,000 visitors on the first day, and that about 60,000,000 people will visit the Fair this year and bring £200,000,000 in new business to New York. The British Pavilion occupies one of the finest sites in the exhibition,

close to the Lagoon of Nations and the Court of Peace, and covers 150,000 square feet.

There is a dazzling array of British silver, including a casket presented to the Princess Royal by the city of Birmingham on her marriage.

### THE ROYAL VISIT

A copy of Magna Carta from Lincoln Cathedral, insured for £100,000, and the great canvas of the Coronation scene in Westminster Abbey, painted by Frank O. Salisbury, will be on show.

A typical English town of the 17th century—to show Americans what Britain was like when nearly all America was still in the hands of the Red Indians—is shown by an elaborate scale model.

One of the finest features of the British section is the Old English garden beside the Pavilion.

Mr. Grover Whalen, president of the Fair, had a magnificent reception hall, called Peryon Hall, constructed. Here the King and Queen will be greeted when they visit the Fair.

They will see a sweeping panorama of the Fair from Peryon Hall, which is alongside the great Trylon and Perisphere, which are the symbol of the Fair.

The Perisphere is a giant globe, 200 ft. in diameter, which seems to float like a bubble beside the Trylon, a 700-ft. high triangular spire.

The theme of the Fair is the Ideal City of To-morrow, and from the Perisphere visitors can see "Democracy," a model town 100 ft. in diameter.

### £6,000,000 OLD MASTERS

Here are some of the "greatest ever" points:

The richest collection of Old Masters ever exhibited at one time, valued at over £6,000,000.

First-aid plans include even the provision of a maternity ward. Transport services to deal with 160,000 passengers an hour at the "peak" periods.

Car-parking space for 49,000 cars. It is claimed that the creation of the site for the Fair within the boundaries of a city like New York is an almost unequalled achievement.

The 1,216 acres embodied a tidal swamp area that for years had been left as an ash and refuse dump.

Transforming it into a beautiful park involved the moving of 7,000,000 cubic yards of refuse and the dumping of 800,000 cubic yards of topsoil after the site had been levelled and the foundations secured by 370 miles of piling.

Next Sunday was chosen as the opening date because it is the 150th anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington as President, adds British United Press.

## NAZIS RENEW ATTACK ON POLES

Berlin, Saturday. A new list of alleged cases of gross ill-treatment of Germans in Poland was issued by the German news agency to-day.

The anti-German provocation of the Polish Western League is beginning to show more serious consequences every day," says the message. "So far the measures taken by the Polish authorities have proved inadequate."

Reports pouring in from villages all over eastern Upper Silesia, it is claimed, tell of violent anti-German activity by Polish organisations on Thursday night. Numerous German inhabitants are stated to have been attacked and beaten up and their houses damaged.—Reuter.

### BANKER TO BECOME BRITISH

Notice was given yesterday that Mr. Herman Kahn, a retired banker, of Turner Close, Golders Green, N.W., is applying for naturalisation. Mr. Kahn has been living in this country for some time. Last year his wife was killed in an avalanche while skiing in Switzerland.

## LIFE'S LITTLE PROBLEMS

### DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE "WHYS"

By the People's Friend

series of question marks. They crumple up at the first hint of disaster and bleat "Why?" If the other fellow has a stroke of luck they want to know "Why couldn't it be me?"

Since the world began no one has found an answer to the complex riddle of the universe. Wise men accept the fact that: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." They realise that to know everything would be to fix a limit to the soul's horizon.

And so without question they get on with the job, accepting triumph or disaster alike, refusing to be discouraged by setbacks, however inexplicable they may appear.

To do less is certain proof that faith is weak, and without the armour of a strong and unwavering faith you will find yourself fighting a losing battle.

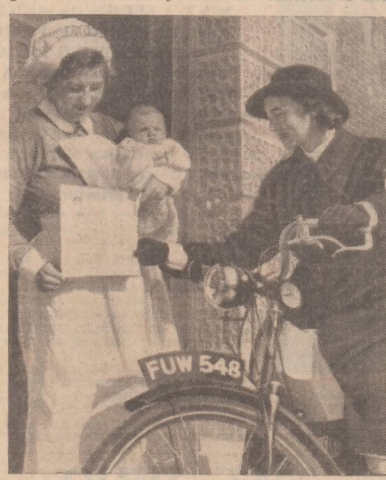
You need faith in yourself, faith in humanity, faith in the Great Scheme of Things that brings the cycle of the seasons and the centuries, faith, above all else, in the abiding love of God.

Thus equipped, life should need no explanations no matter how rough the road along which your steps may be directed.

Christianity has been raised upon that foundation, upon the glorious knowledge that questions are needless and that God will never fail us.

## A Motor-Bike For The Matron

LITTLE Angela Sinton, a thirteen-weeks-old baby, born at Queen Charlotte's Hospital, has presented through her parents a motor-cycle to the matron of the hospital to be used to enable nurses to answer more quickly calls outside the institute.



Here is Angela watching the cycle begin its first run, and the letter which accompanied the gift. Angela's arrival into the world took place "amid favourable circumstances" which prompted her parents to make the presentation

### MOTERING NEWS

By THOMAS H. WISDOM

## GLASSES THAT MAY MAKE YOU SAFER

TWO INVENTIONS, WHICH ARE FAR BEYOND THE EXPERIMENTAL STAGE, ARE LIKELY TO REVOLUTIONISE CAR SAFETY.

The first and most important is the production of polarized glass which will solve the dazzle problem. This glass has been widely used in a variety of directions, and is now being applied to motor-cars.

Before dazzle could be eliminated (and police action last week has only confused the issue "when is it safe to dip and when is it not?") every car would have to have a windscreen of polarized glass and headlamp glasses of the same material.

The result is that although you can see quite clearly the beam of light before your car, the driver of an approaching car sees no light at all with the exception of the two side-lamps which, not being fitted with polarized glass, indicate the width of the car approaching.

An explanation of what polarized glass does would take a column of technical explanation, but it does work. The invention was developed from glass made for fishermen's spectacles—wearing these glasses they are able to sit on the bank and watch fish nibbling at their bait 15 ft. below the surface.

The Ministry of Transport is interested in this glass, for it has been proved beyond doubt that it would solve the dazzle problem, but the difficulties are the high cost and the fact that it would be of little use unless every vehicle were fitted with it.

The other invention is a safer safety glass. Developed in America, it is to be fitted to most American cars this year. It is a glass which bends and its comparison with existing safety glass is shown in these figures.

A 9 oz. steel ball dropped on a pane of the glass from a height of 28 ft. fails to break it—with existing safety glass the ball will shatter it from a height of 10 ft.

In tests a dummy man with an iron head was catapulted head-first against a windscreen. The glass merely cracked and bulged two or three inches.

This elastic yield of the glass, it is claimed, will save many a person from a fractured skull or broken neck in a crash.

## £682 IN ONE WEEK FOR OUR READERS

BECAUSE Mr. John Moar, of 15, Harbour-st., Buckle, Banffshire, was a registered reader of "The People," his widow has been paid £100 benefit provided under the motoring accidents section of our free insurance.

Mr. Moar was killed in a collision between a car he was driving and a motor-lorry while on his way from a football match.

This payment of £100 is only one of 93 cheques, totalling £682, which have been distributed to registered readers or their dependents during the past week. Payments in respect of other fatal accidents were:—

"FATAL STREET ACCIDENTS"—Mr. J. Vassallo, 23, Cranville-st., Newport, Mon.; Mr. Kelly, 37, Sean McDermott-st., Dublin; Mr. V. Patton, 13, Nursery-st., Pendleton, Salford; Mr. J. Robinson, 12, Holliday, Whitburn, near Sunderland; Mr. W. L. Oakes, 12, Hardon-grove, Manchester; Mr. J. T. O'Brien, 6, Milwood-drive, Motherwell; Mr. S. Brannick, 10, Charles-st., Skelton, Doncaster; Mr. J. Martin, 20, Arundel-st., Hiny, near Wigan; Mr. A. H. Gilties, 13, Arthur-st., Spring View, Lower Ince, Lancs; Mr. A. H. Oakes, 21, Swaffham-road, East Dereham; Mr. E. Williams, 134, Chirk Green, Chirk, Wrexham.

"The People" is the pioneer of Sunday newspaper Free Insurance. If you have already registered, you automatically qualify for the generous new range of 1939 benefits. If you have not, then turn to Page Eighteen and fill in the forms now.

### SHIPOWNER'S £2,000 TRIBUTE TO BUTLER

Bequeathing £2,000 to his butler, Charles Frederick Cardew, Commander Sir Edward Nichol, of West Hill, Putney, shipowner and former M.P. for Penryn and Falmouth, desired "to place on record that Cardew is the best valet and butler it is possible to find."

A legacy of £1,000 and a house at Kingston he left to his chauffeur, Dennis Oswin, "a most devoted and trustworthy servant."

Sir Edward, who was founder and managing director of the Cardiff Hall Line and the Nicholl Steam Ship Co., left a fortune of £392,567, the duties on which exceed £117,500.

### R.A.F. PILOT KILLED

The Air Ministry announced that Flying-Officer Charles Austin Rotherham lost his life in an accident near Chichester, Sussex, yesterday, to an aircraft of No. 43 Squadron.

## WHO WANTS TO LOOK YOUNG



WOMEN OF 50 CAN LOOK 35

A new precious extract of skin cells—just like the vital elements in a healthy young girl's skin. Discovered by a famous Doctor at the University of Vienna. Obtained by him from carefully selected young animals.

This extract, called "Biocel," is now contained in Tokalon Rose Skin Food. Apply it every night. Every minute while you sleep your skin absorbs these vital elements. Every morning when you wake up your skin is clearer, fresher, smoother—YOUNGER. During the day use Crème Tokalon (White Colour non-greasy). By this simple treatment any woman can make herself look ten years younger. Have a marvellous skin and complexion of which any young girl would be proud. Successful results positively guaranteed with Tokalon Skin Food or money refunded.

By special arrangement any woman reader of this paper may obtain a de luxe Beauty Quiz containing five Tokalon Skin Food Creams—Rose for the night, White for the day. It also contains a special box of Tokalon and six samples of other shades, Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, Send 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc., to Tokalon Ltd., (Dept. 409A), Chase Road, London, N.W.10.

## average figures want FREEDOM



"The normal woman wants my FREEDOM CORSET because she needs foundation, freedom—not restraint. She needs a corset that keeps the figure trim and natural without compression or uncomfortable busting. She needs a corset that gives up to the bust yet cut low at the back. See One On APPROVAL, just send 1/- DEPOSIT plus 6d. postage. The full price is 5/6 but pay the balance in instalments—monthly whichever you prefer. THERE IS NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS. Deposit refunded immediately if not completely satisfied."

In Ten Rose perspiration resisting material. Full facing at back, short front back, four suspenders. Sizes range from 30 to 46 in. but. Fill in the Coupon NOW!

Please send me an Ambrose Wilson Corset on approval. Enclose coupon/Postcard. Order for 1/6 deposit. Post-tops with full name (Mrs. or Miss) and address. Overseas people 3/6.

Ambrose Wilson LTD. WORLD'S LARGEST MAIL ORDER CORSET HOUSE. 119 Ambrose House, 60 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1.

## ACHING FEET

1 The natural oils drying out of your skin make your feet feel hot, sore. The skin gets hard. "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly replaces the oils, makes your feet feel young again.

2 No need to buy expensive remedies. "Vaseline" Jelly is best and you already have it in the house. Jars 4d., 6d., 9d. Also handy tubes and tins.

...Vaseline— instant relief

Petroleum Jelly. Write for FREE Booklet to Dept. 359, CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY CONS'D., VICTORIA ROAD, LONDON, N.W.10.

## KEATING'S KILLS

ANTS, MOTHS, BEETLES, FLEAS etc.—even bugs

Cartels: 2d., 6d., 1/- Powder Flask 1/-



# "Fianna Boys" Suspected of Bomb Outrages I.R.A. TERRORISTS GET JOBS IN

## SIGHT-SAVER! SPURNED WEALTH, TO HEAL!

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT  
Edinburgh, Saturday.  
PATIENTS ARE TRAVELLING THOUSANDS OF MILES FOR TREATMENT IN THE WORLD'S FINEST DEPARTMENT FOR BRAIN SURGERY WHICH HAS JUST BEEN OFFICIALLY OPENED AT EDINBURGH ROYAL INFIRMARY.

It has been built in the Scottish capital in recognition of the work of Mr. Norman McOmish, D.D., the brilliant young Edinburgh brain surgeon who can restore vision to the almost sightless.

How Mr. Dott, spurning wealth and the glittering prizes of Harley-street, has remained in his native city to devote his services to the Royal Infirmary for a modest salary is one of the romances of modern medicine.

Slim, boyish-looking, despite his forty years, and with dark curly hair, Mr. Dott is a man who has performed operations on the brain that were previously thought impossible.

### PATIENTS FROM NEW ZEALAND

Many critical cases have been flown to Edinburgh over thousands of miles; patients have come from America, South Africa and New Zealand. In a year Mr. Dott performs more than 400 operations in which life or death depends on hairbreadth calculations.

Son of an artist's colourman, he was apprenticed as a motor engineer on leaving school, at the age of seventeen. When riding a motor-cycle, he skidded, broke a leg, and was admitted to the Royal Infirmary for an operation on his foot. This operation aroused his interest in surgery. He decided to quit engineering to study for his medical degree at Edinburgh University.

There remains a good deal of the engineer about Mr. Dott, who has supervised the equipment of the new brain surgery department, which is a Wellian fantasy.

Before he was invited to join the staff of the Royal Infirmary, he carried out his work privately, poor cases being operated upon free.

## You May Not Agree About—

# Life's "Always"

WHETHER OR NOT YOU ARE FOOTBALL-MINDED, IT WILL INTRIGUE YOU THAT TEAMS LOSE THREE TIMES AS MANY AWAY MATCHES AS HOME ONES.

To find out why, I asked a club manager, but what he offered wasn't helpful.

By "The Philosopher"

Maybe, said he, it was the strangeness of the field of play, and perhaps not. He couldn't exactly say. Then I tried a famous international.

a seasoned player, who has collected a showcase of caps and a tray of medals. This was luckier for he put it confidently that the main influence was the roar of the crowd—yells of encouragement from spectators along the terracing for the home side.

Those are factors which count, declared our football veteran, who ought to know, if anybody does.

CERTAINLY, HE ADDED, THERE ARE APPARENT EXCEPTIONS, STALWARTS WHO SEEM INVIGORATED BY HOSTILITY, RATHER THAN REBUFFED.

But, deep within, they are affected also, and retarded from doing normal justice to themselves. At the least, they suffer depression of the subconscious mind.

Therefore, away teams go under much more often than they take the points home.

My friend the veteran went on to admit that at football, just a game, it does not matter anything so much as elsewhere.

THERE IS AN ELSEWHERE, EVERYWHERE HUMAN BEINGS LOSE FULL EFFECTIVENESS WHEN THE CROWD IS AGAINST THEM. FOLKS FALTER PLAYING AWAY FROM HOME.

Some manage the poker face. Nevertheless, they are braced by applause, discouraged, if just a little, by the barracker.

Take the fellow out of a job, tramping the town day after day, searching for a place, and getting out negatives from those who could at least offer a word of cheer.

Surely he imagines a pre-judged world leaning on the barriers, cheering the winners and neglecting the losers—himself and others like him. So that he often thinks of giving up the effort and lying down to it all.

The ill-rewarded old-age pensioner who has served his fellows during fifty years of toil, which have been fifty glorious years for others.

MEANWHILE, THEY CAN NEVER BE ASSURED THEY ARE AMONG THEIR OWN SUPPORTERS. BRAVE EFFORTS OF THEIRS ARE PASSED IN SILENCE.

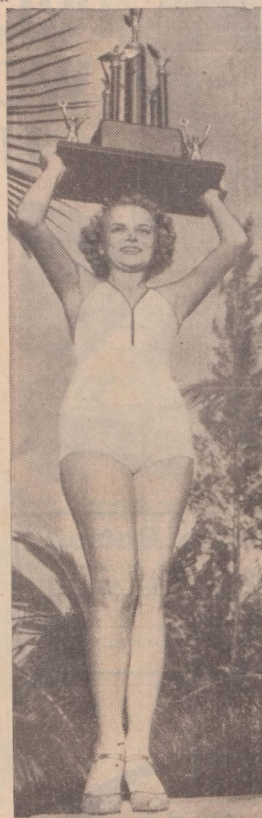
In effect, they are players in the game of life on strange pitches. They are always away from home, or so they are convinced.

And from these people much is expected, sturdy citizens in times of peace and patriots in years of war.

These expectations ignore realities. Football teams often lose because the crowd is against them, and all other human nature is susceptible, too.

ONCE YOU GET BIG SECTIONS OF A COMMUNITY SENSING THAT THEY ARE NOT AT HOME, YOU WILL NEVER SEE THAT NATION FORCING ITSELF, BY CHEERYING, TO THE HEAD OF THE TABLE.

## HER SECOND REIGN



Irmgard Dietel, of the U.S., with the trophy she won as "Miss Miami, 1939"—thus repeating her triumph of 1937.

She'd Only 6d., But—

## KATHLEEN WIRED TO PRINCESS

Special to "The People"  
KATHLEEN ROBERTS, A ROSY-CHEEKED SCHOOLGIRL OF TILSON HOUSES, WANDSWORTH, IS TO-DAY ONE OF THE HAPPIEST CHILDREN IN LONDON.

Kathleen thought she would like to send Princess Elizabeth a telegram of greeting on her birthday, but she had only sixpence.

So Kathleen made a quick canvass of her playmates and collected enough money to send this wire to Buckingham Palace: "One hundred and fifty school children wish Princess Elizabeth many happy returns of her birthday."

Yesterday there arrived for Kathleen a letter from Windsor Castle: "The Private Secretary to the Queen is commanded to thank the 150 school children for their good wishes to Princess Elizabeth for her birthday, which her Royal Highness much appreciates."

"I didn't think I'd get an answer so soon," said Kathleen. "I am going to show it to all my friends at school, and I shall keep it all my life."

## STAMP SLOGANS FOR NATIONAL NEEDS

Mr. Hall-Claine, Conservative M.P., wants to extend the use of slogan stamp cancellations for national publicity.

He suggests the slogans should call attention to such aspects of national needs as "Join the Territorials," "National Service, it's up to you," "Have you got your gas mask?"

He will ask the Postmaster-General about it in the House of Commons to-morrow.

## WHAT SAY YOU?

# Twelve Ten-Second Teasers

- 1.—It's the name of a large island in the Mediterranean Sea; it's famous for its lemon groves; its highest point culminates in a volcano. Name it?
- 2.—It's a word that signifies the extravagantly romantic; the visionary; it implies aiming at lofty but impracticable ideals; it is derived from the name of a hero in a well-known book. What is it?
- 3.—It's the name of an animal found in Europe; it's a goat-like antelope; it's the name given to a soft, pliable kind of leather. What is it?
- 4.—It's an important part of a car; it's of great use in the house, particularly in hall and bedroom during the winter season; it may contain air, water, or steam as a medium of service. Name it?
- 5.—It's the name of an assembly or council performing legislative or administrative functions; it's a term commonly heard in France and America; it's the name given to the council which controls certain universities. What is it?
- 6.—It's a term that refers to land that is ploughed but unsown; it designates the uncultivated, the unused, the neglected. What is it?
- 7.—It's the name of a sacred temple; it usually has many stories elaborately decorated and in the form of a pyramid; it's found in India, China and other Eastern countries. Name it?
- 8.—It's a confusing network of winding passages; there's a very famous one in the vicinity of the city of London. What is it?
- 9.—It's the name of a well-known island off the coast of Scotland; it gives its name to a popular kind of dog; it's very popular with tourists. Name it?
- 10.—It's the chief town or capital of a country; it's a centre or focus of activities; we all enjoy visiting our own particular one. What is it?
- 11.—It's a name given to a strip of land thrown up by plough or spade; it's a popular feature in the garden in autumn; it exposes the soil freely to the influences of the weather. What is it?
- 12.—It's a kind of circle; it's a form of coat. What is it?

(ANSWERS IN PAGE ELEVEN.)

## BRITISH MUNITION WORKS

Special to "The People"

WHILE THOUSANDS OF LOYAL BRITISH SUBJECTS ARE OUT OF WORK AND WHILE BOMBING OUTRAGES ARE COSTING THE RATEPAYERS THOUSANDS OF POUNDS, "THE PEOPLE" IS ABLE TO REVEAL TO-DAY THAT HUGE NUMBERS OF I.R.A. SYMPATHISERS AND MANY ACTIVE MEMBERS OF THE ORGANISATION ARE EMPLOYED IN THE MUNITION FACTORIES OF THIS COUNTRY.

In the Birmingham and Coventry areas, it is estimated that at least 400 active members of the I.R.A.—many of them Sectional Commandants—are in employment connected with the Government's defence drive!

Belfast branch of the C.I.D. has suggested to Scotland Yard that the excoerators of the recent bomb outrages may not be the known terrorists for whom they are looking, but youths of from fifteen to seventeen years of age who, because of their youth and freedom from suspicion, are being utilised by their leaders to outwit the protective measures.

### LIST FOR "YARD"

These lads are members of the junior branch of the I.R.A.—the "Fianna Boys" as they are known—and are under the same jurisdiction and subject to the same penalties as are the members of the senior organisation.

The "Fianna Boys" are very strong in Ireland and scores of them are known to be now working in London, Manchester, Coventry and Birmingham.

The Ulster police support their theory by pointing out that 15 of these boys have been given terms of from six months to a year in Belfast within the past few months, and that on two occasions lads who were arrested while carrying out important assignments had to be sent to Borel because they were just over thirteen years of age! A list of names and descriptions and suspected whereabouts of all "Fianna Boys" known to be in England is to be communicated to the "Yard," and it is expected that action will immediately follow.

It is understood, too, that in an attempt to round up all suspected terrorists in the London area, the C.I.D. are to conduct an intensive comb-out of the licensed and building trades, in which the majority of the Irish here are employed.

## HER DREAM SAVED FOUR FROM BLAZE

A NURSEMAID'S dream early yesterday morning saved her, her employers and their baby son from being burned to death.

The nursemaid, Hannah Grout, aged nineteen, is employed by Mr. and Mrs. A. Fleetwood, of Coombe-gdns., Coombe-lane, West Wimbledon.

"I was having a nasty dream all about gangsters and murders," she said later. "They were dragging something, a body I think it was, across the floor when I woke up and realised that the noise I dreamed was really in the garage below my room."

"I opened the window and was almost overcome by smoke. The garage was on fire and the noise was the crackling of the flames."

"I had not had the dream I don't think the noise would have wakened me and the house would soon have been burned out, with all of us inside it."

### MORE WARSHIPS AT "GIB."

Gibraltar, Saturday.  
H.M.S. Ramillies, with the destroyers Graton, Gallant and Active and the submarine Severn, arrived here this afternoon from Malta.—Reuter.

The Ramillies has gone to Gibraltar to complete her working-up practices. The four other vessels will be exercising with her. The movement is of a routine nature.

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April 16th, 1939 RICHARD KEMPS smashes <b>LIVERPOOL-LONDON RECORD</b> by 29 minutes	April 12th, 1939 MISS MARGUERITE WILSON smashes <b>LONDON-YORK RECORD</b> by 51 minutes (Women's)
April 12th, 1939 MISS MARGUERITE WILSON smashes <b>12 HOURS RECORD</b> by 16½ miles (Women's)	April 20th, 1939 MISS MARGUERITE WILSON smashes <b>LONDON to BRIGHTON and BACK RECORD</b> (104 miles) by 13 minutes, 31 seconds (Women's)

(all subject to official confirmation)

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# BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

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My hat!

what a dunce!  
why not 'name the day'?  
furnish a lovely home at once  
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Every 'Want to Wed' should learn about the 'Easier to Pay—Smarts 4-Year Way'. It enables you to furnish your dream home now. It brings you real security. It passes every examination! Now see if you can answer the questions below—

1 DE-PO-SIT Do I need to save money before I can furnish a beautiful home? Certainly not! A not penny. Smarts say "No Deposit" and they mean it. No

2 REF-ER-ENCES Must I bother my friends to give references? Never. Smarts believe in Complete Privacy. There are no awkward questions, no tiresome formalities. No

3 VA-LUE Do I get real value for money? Yes. Smarts prices are surprisingly low and the terms suit every income. As little as 15/- a month secures £36 worth of quality furniture. Yes

4 SEC-UR-ITY Is my future safeguarded in every possible way? Absolutely! You get a Free Fire and Life Policy and Smarts assured consideration in temporary trouble. Even if you had to stop the small payments altogether everything paid for is yours less a small adjustment for use enjoyed. Yes

5 SER-VICE Does Smarts service include those little extras that mean so much? Yes—everything. Free Delivery, which includes expert laying of Carpets and Linos and willing co-operation in any odd jobs that may arise. If necessary furniture is stored free until required. Yes

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**LOST MORE THAN 100 lbs.**

without any harm to his health. Recently he tried on his old waist-coats and jackets, and these were so much too large that both he and his wife could find room in them! Four such cases of the loss of over 100 lbs. have been reported. Every letter reports accompanying improvements in the health. Thus it can be seen that Dr. Janssen's Slimming Tea has passed the severest tests.

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Hosts of delighted letters are reaching Dr. Janssen. These report varying reductions in weight, according to the needs of the writer. Many letters also confirm Dr. Janssen's statement that there is now no need to exceed one's proper size and weight, and that this safe and simple method of tea-drinking enables anyone to obtain (and maintain) a good figure. "The People" readers who would like to receive one of the 10,000 "Ten-Days' Free Trial" supplies without obligation should

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# Blind Prophet Is Sure There'll Be No War

## PREDICTS GREAT WORLD MOVE FOR UNIVERSAL PEACE

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Morcott, Rutland, Saturday.

**FROM THE HEART OF A TINY HAMLET ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ENGLAND'S SMALLEST COUNTY, A VOICE HAS RUNG THROUGH THE WORLD, FORETELLING THE DAWN OF UNIVERSAL PEACE.**

Though the owner of this Voice, which has been heeded all over Britain and as far away as America, is but a simple country lad, the stories that have come to light of his powers of seeing into the future have made even the most sceptical pause and consider.

"Don't worry, don't be afraid," says Cyril Holmes, the blind boy of Morcott. "There won't be a war. There may be another crisis, but that will come later this year; and after that there will be a world movement for peace, in which even the most turbulent of the Dictators will take part."

"President Roosevelt's appeal is but the start. It will have its effect. The leaders of the nations will turn to the infinitely wiser medium of arbitration and mutual discussion to settle international disputes."

"Swords will in very truth be fashioned into ploughshares. The rule of the gun will go, the argument of the bully will be forgotten. I see it clearly, as if it had already happened."

"I can tell you that 1940 will bring with it the dawn of a new era of peace and prosperity and contentment for the world."

**WHO is this Cyril Holmes?** What authority, what qualifications, has he to speak thus? Let me draw for you the picture of Cyril Holmes, in its background as I have just seen it down here.

First let me take you to the Blue Bell. It's only a modest local pub, like any other in a typical, sleepy English village. It has stood in Morcott's main street for generations.

But nightly, inside its doors, there is enacted a queer, ironical drama—a drama which now has millions of people the world over for its unseen audience.

In the cosy taproom you will hear the clink of glasses, laughter, the shuffling of feet. Through a blue haze of tobacco smoke you will dimly see a dashboard.

Now and again Mine Host of the Blue Bell, genial, rubicund, glistening-faced, walks up to the dashboard and with sturdy forefinger reckons the score.

There is argument and banter, and the glasses are filled up again.

**MIND FULL OF AMAZING PICTURES**

But, only a few feet away, something very different is happening. In his own little private room, tightly gripping the arms of his chair, sits erect, staring before him with sightless eyes, a slim, fair young man.

Cyril Holmes is not looking at an imagined familiar world. He does not think of his father's tavern, nor of the smiling fields of Rutland.

He sees something which we cannot envisage or understand. His thoughts and his mind are full of amazing pictures of the possible fate of mankind, the minds of worrying men.

Cyril, son of stout, ex-naval man Joe Holmes, is the Seer of Morcott, a being whom thousands of people in Rutland and the neighbouring counties believe to be gifted with the power to foretell the future.

A few days ago and this old-world hamlet was unknown. Now it is on the map. And all because this twenty-four-years-old lad with the high-pitched voice and the nervous laugh of the sightless has boldly assured all his friends that "There will be no war."

**FOR several years past, Cyril Holmes has been quietly working in his silent-room at the Blue Bell. He has helped men and women suffering from diseases of the mind and the body; he has foretold local and world events with an uncanny accuracy.**

But it was only after Lady Barbara Seymour, addressing a National Service

meeting in Rutland, had told her hearers of Cyril's extraordinary influence over the village people, that the country began to sit up and take notice of the Prophet of Morcott.

Because Cyril Holmes had said there was no cause for panic, and that there would be no war this year, Lady Barbara said, the Rutland folk were apathetic about air raid work.

"Yes, they say I'm a 'menace,' in a sort of way," Cyril said to me. "Even the Church people have made protests against me. But I foretold, at the time of the September crisis, that there would be no war. And I cannot help it if my 'voices' tell me that war will not come this year..."

**PILGRIMAGE OF RICH AND POOR**

From all over England, even from America, rich people and poor people make the pilgrimage to Morcott, which may soon assume the appearance of a Lourdes in England.

For Cyril's disciples are as confident of his extraordinary powers of prophecy and healing as any devotee at the shrine of Joan of Arc.

Did he not, they will ask you, by merely holding a comb belonging to a girl who was missing, reveal that though the girl was at that moment alive, she would be found dead within 24 hours?

Had he not, they persist, foretold with a weird accuracy the exact spot in which the body of the murdered Lindbergh baby would be found, weeks before the actual discovery was made?

"What do I feel when I get my premonitions?" Cyril repeated to my query. "I have a variety of sensations. Sometimes I feel cold and shivery, and my head aches a bit when pictures of people and of things which I feel are going to happen crowd into my brain. I'm seldom wrong."

He laughed gently, this brooding, gentle lad who looks and is a child of the Supernatural, and puffed at the pipe which he says is "one of my voices."

**HE has an odd trick of raising his sightless eyes towards you, and asking you a question in a disjointed way.**

"People don't realise that they could save so much worry and so much tragedy by—well, by pulling together—pulling together—what?" he will say. And then he will fold his arms and seem to shrink into himself, and laugh gently again.

**BECAME SEER AT FIFTEEN**

"Yes, in my own little way, I've been helping people along down here for a long time past," he went on.

Cyril, who boldly declares that Europe will not hear the thunder of the guns this year, though there will be another crisis towards the end of 1939, told me also that he believes that Mr. Chamberlain will soon retire from the Premiership.

"He is a good man, and a great man," he declared, "but his health will not allow him to continue much longer. Of course, Churchill will go into the Cabinet. There will be a big reshuffle soon..."

**IT was when he was a boy of fifteen, home on holiday from Worcester College, Norwood, that Cyril Holmes first discovered his clairvoyant gifts.**

"It was queer," he said, then paused and laughed again to himself. "Women are queer, too, don't you think—what? I was only fifteen, and I told a girl I knew that I could tell her all about herself by just holding one of her gloves."

"I did it—and I told her so much about her inner feelings, her difficulties and her dreams, that she—well, I think she didn't like it. One has to be careful you know—what?"

And again that soft, chuckling laugh. Mrs. Holmes, Cyril's mother, tends her son with loving care.

"I'm sure I don't know what will happen now that the whole world seems to be taking an interest in my boy," she said. "But I feel that he is right in what he says about peace, and that any advice he gives to a man or a woman in trouble will be sound."

"He has never been known to fail." Out in the main street of Morcott, under the light of the moon, the sounds of merry-making in the Blue Bell receded and died behind me.

And inside, still sitting in his chair, was a modern Solomon Eagle—foretelling, not a Great Fire of London, but the dawn of universal brotherhood and love.

## Dieting Cannot Cure Stomach Trouble

says Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

Many sufferers from acute indigestion voluntarily put themselves on 'starvation diet' and then wonder why they still suffer! The answer is simple: they are simply treating the effects of their stomach disorder, and are leaving the cause unchecked. In nine cases out of ten what needs checking is not the food supply, but the supply of stomach acid. Too much acid is the cause of nearly all gastric disorder; control this excess acid and you at once put an end to the agonies of wind, indigestion, heartburn, etc.

For controlling excess stomach acid my own prescription is simple—'Blasrated' Magnesia after meals. A dose of this standard antacid instantly neutralises acidity, and so stops or prevents all after-meal misery. 'Blasrated' Magnesia gets at the cause of stomach trouble, and so enables even the chronic sufferer to eat adequate and reasonably varied meals without fear.

Note: 'Blasrated' Magnesia, referred to above by Dr. Scott, is available at all chemists, at prices from 6d. to 2/6.—Adv.

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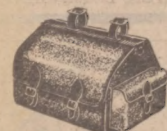
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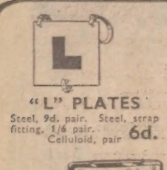
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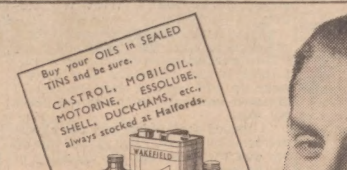
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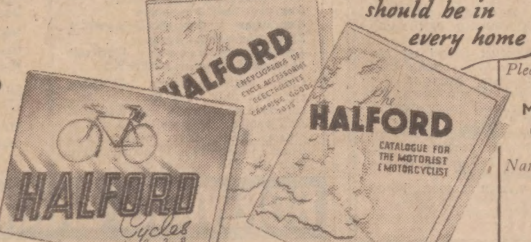
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Coal Tar Soap  
THE SAFE SOAP  
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SHEFFIELD.

# MAN With the MIDAS TOUCH

## CHAMPAGNE DAYS OF A FIGHTING MILLIONAIRE

OSCAR ASCHE as he appeared in "Chu Chin Chow" and (right) RUDOLPH VALENTINO

**By The Hon. Hugh D. McINTOSH**  
THE FAMOUS FIGHT PROMOTER

A HURRICANE came shrieking out of the sky on the night I was born. It lashed the waters of Sydney harbour into a wild maelstrom of flying foam and great green waves, and ripped a wide path of havoc through the terrified city before it raged on across the countryside.

Ships were wrecked, torn from their steel anchor chains like toys, and scores of homes collapsed as though playing cards instead of bricks and mortar had made their walls. To this day Australia still remembers it as the worst storm in its history.

The doctor, struggling through the wind and rain to the humble home of my parents, saw his square-top Derby whiskered high over the roofs, and, dodging a hail of slates, arrived huddled, breathless and soaked to the skin.

Having assisted me into the world while the house rocked to the buffeting of the storm, he solemnly prophesied that I should either be a very great man or a very bad one.

"For," he said, "no one can be born on a night that brings so much sorrow and so many tears into the world without becoming distinguished one way or the other."

I am not sure in which class I have qualified during my sixty years of ups and downs on fate's seesaw, but one thing is certain. Life never has been dull. In the money and out of it, on top of the world or down, running big fights, newspapers, theatres, restaurants or milk bars I have enjoyed every minute of it.

And, no matter what I, personally, have achieved in the way of a reputation, I have met and mixed with the great and the famous.

### MEMORIES DOWN THE YEARS

Peers and prize-fighters, stars of stage and screen, millionaires, politicians and sportsmen—I've known them all. They were my friends. I saw them all in and out of the limelight.

Now, looking back down the years, their names come flooding back to me, and with each name a memory and a story.

I remember going to offer Theodore Roosevelt £10,000 to tour Australia, and finding him eager to discuss, not politics or international economics, but whether Tommy Burns really had a chance in his famous fight with Johnson which I promoted at Rushcutters Bay, Sydney.

I remember entertaining film, handsome, perfectly dressed Florenz Ziegfeld to lunch while that brilliant Jewish maestro among theatrical producers let course after course grow cold as he talked excitedly of his plans to "glorify" American girls in the first of his famous follies.

I remember saving Valentino from being barred from a famous West End hotel. Favola dancing for me in the drawing-room at Broome Park... offering Nellie Melba £1,000 to sing one song, "Home Sweet Home" from the ring at Rushcutters Stadium, where Burns and Johnson had fought...

Buying the Australian rights of "Chu Chin Chow" from Oscar Ashe. "You couldn't put it on," he growled. "It's too big. I'm the only man who can handle it properly."

### OSCAR ASCHE IN STUBBORN MOOD

This was in the days when I controlled the Tivoli Theatre circuit in Australia, which I bought from Harry Rickard for £100,000 cash from my profits as a theatre promoter.

In ten years I made a quarter of a million pounds out of my theatres, but Oscar Ashe, remembering my prize fight promotion background, could not imagine me putting on his magnificent show.

I first met him, as a matter of fact, in the days when I was running fights at the Sydney stadium, and he was often my guest at the ringside, so that it was with perfect confidence that I walked into his dressing room at His Majesty's in the Haymarket to buy the Australian rights of "Chu Chin Chow."

gruff, enormous voice of his: "Have a box for the show. Then have supper with Lily and me."

After the show we drove home to St. John's Wood in his gorgeous Rolls Royce, and all the way I was trying to figure out how I could persuade him to let me have the show for Australia.

I decided to enlist his wife's aid. Now Lily Brayton, as well as being a very beautiful woman, was also very shrewd. She had an amazing head for business and figures, and whenever Oscar was "broke" he would go to her for money and sell her a share in one of his productions for a thousand or two.

He had such extravagant tastes and spent money so wildly that, more often than not, she finished up by owning the entire show.

Lily, too, was a good friend of mine, and I felt sure she would help me if she could, so I managed to explain my position to her before we sat down to supper.

I was fortunate, for it happened that one of Oscar's favourite stews was on the menu that night. He had the biggest appetite I have ever known a man possess and I am sure eating was his greatest pleasure.

Anyhow, after he had finished two huge platefuls of this stew he began to mellow.

Suddenly he looked down the table towards me and growled: "Lily tells me you're still after this show. You'd better have it. £1,000 down and 6 per cent. They're my terms."

### SUCCESSFUL THEATRICAL DEAL

Having said this he began helping himself to a third plateful of stew, and I made haste to elench the deal before he became engrossed again.

"That's good enough for me," I said, "but how about an agreement?"

"Never mind about that," he replied. "Just write me a letter in the morning."

So, over a supper table, I brought off one of the most successful theatrical deals in which I ever engaged.

I caught the next boat back to Australia and as soon as I arrived in Melbourne I got to work on the production.

I had not forgotten Oscar's scornful, "You couldn't put it on," and I was determined to prove him wrong.

I spent £20,000 on "Chu Chin Chow" before the curtain went up. I brought camels 1,200 miles across the desert and scoured Australia for pure bred Arab horses, some of which travelled 1,000 miles to appear in the show.

The stage at the Tivoli is bigger than that at His Majesty's, and I was able to spread myself in spectacular effects even more than Ashe had done.

Then, on the opening night, Melbourne was paralysed by a coal and transport strike that stopped all the trams and omnibuses in the city, but, having sunk a fortune in the show, I was not going to see its first night flop without a struggle.

I chartered a fleet of coaches to bring customers to the theatre and take them home, and the show broke all records for the theatre by playing to a house only £20 short of £1,000.

That was the beginning of an amazing run. There never has been another money spinner like "Chu Chin Chow" in Australia. For three months it took between £4,000 and £5,000 a week at the Melbourne Tivoli, and when it was transferred to Adelaide it took £7,000 in a fortnight.

Finally I sold out to Williamson-Tait for £15,000.

Despite the fat cheques he received for his 6 per cent. interest in the show, Ashe still obstinately refused to admit

ONE OF THE MOST COLOURFUL AND DYNAMIC CHARACTERS OF THE DAY, THE HON. HUGH D. McINTOSH HAS MADE AND LOST MORE FORTUNES IN LESS TIME THAN MOST MEN. GREAT GAMBLER, FIGHT PROMOTER—HE STAGED THE JOHN-SON-BURNS FIGHT IN SYDNEY IN 1908—THEATRE MAGNATE AND NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR, HE BEGINS HERE THIS WEEK THE STORY OF HIS AMAZING LIFE.

that a prize fight promoter could produce "Chu Chin Chow" as well as he could, and some years later he set out to, and revived it in, Australia.

It flopped badly, and I can imagine his annoyance when he read comments from all the leading critics that his production was not in the same class as mine.

But this, of course, was only excusable professional jealousy, and Oscar Ashe and I remained firm friends right up to the time of his death.

He was an extraordinary character, perhaps one of the most extraordinary men in the theatrical world.

Money meant nothing to him. He made and got through enormous sums. I remember him once telling me that he spent £40,000 on greyhounds when he became a courting enthusiast.

Asche thought nothing of that. He always did things in a big way.

Best of all I remember him in a chef's tall hat with a white apron draped over his great paunch carefully mixing one of those astonishing stews for which he was famous.

Oysters, lobsters, whole chickens, all used to go in, and he would sit for an hour or more, his fat cheeks scorched red from the heat of the fire, gently stirring the contents of a gigantic stewpan.

I had often seen him in a rage, for he was a man of quick and violent temper, but this time I really thought he was going to have a fit. He rushed out on deck shaking his huge fists and shouting the most unprintable threats after the vanishing steamer!

Asche, despite his grotesque bulk, was amazingly strong. I fancy he inherited this strength from his father, who, it was said, once defended a claim he had pegged in the old mining days by swinging a great iron chain, that must have weighed nearly a hundredweight, slowly around his head as he advanced on the trespassers!

He once had a bitter feud with a member of the play company. Part of the action of the play included a scene in which Ashe had to duck this man's head in a pool, and one night he seized the unfortunate actor in a vice-like grip and held him under until he was purple in the face and almost unconscious.

All the time he was interspersing his lines with grim threats in muttered undertones, and when the curtain fell the actor collapsed in a dead faint.

### INFLUENCED THE HOTEL MANAGER

In striking contrast to Oscar Ashe's gross physique was the lean, dark and romantic figure of Rudolph Valentino, the screen's greatest lover, who also was among my friends.

I was staying in England when he and his wife came here on holiday. They had tried to book a suite by cable at a certain expensive and exclusive West End hotel, but to Valentino's astonishment the manager politely intimated that the hotel was full and that he would prefer him to take his custom elsewhere.

The explanation was that the "world's sweetheart," Mary Pickford, had stayed at a neighbouring hotel the previous year and they still had memories of the riotous scenes that had occurred when hundreds of her fans had stormed the doors and chased her across the lounge.

It so happened that I was a particu-

larly good customer at the hotel where Valentino wished to stay. I occupied a suite there and often gave luncheon parties at which the bill would be £100 or more, so that I had some influence with the management.

Knowing Valentino as a modest, decent, likeable youngster, I went to them and persuaded them to change their minds and let him have a suite of rooms on the top floor at all costs.

Valentino's warm appreciation of that

small favour was characteristic. He had no airs or graces or false conceits. Nor was he the soft and pampered lounge lizard his enemies pretended. On the contrary he was a real man's man and a splendid athlete.

He once told me that he hated the frenzied hero worship of the thousands of hysterical women who lost their hearts to his classical profile.

"But what can I do, Hugh?" he said. "I'd rather go riding or fishing than to a tea party any day, but I can't go through life being rude to every woman I meet."

While Valentino was in London a syndicate that included J. D. Williams and myself began negotiations to sign him up to star in British films.

We offered him half a million pounds to make three pictures in this country, but Rudolph was not at all keen.

Then one evening while we were all

dining together Mrs. McIntosh and Natacha Rambova, Valentino's wife, began talking about colours that suited different women.

Natacha, a striking red-head, said that green was one of her favourite colours, and I suddenly remembered a curious green stone ring from Tutankhamen's tomb that had been given me by Lord Carnarvon. I ran up to our suite, got the ring, and slipped it on Mrs. Valentino's hand.

She was delighted and so, too, was Valentino.

From that evening negotiations for him to star in British films went ahead without a hitch, and when I sailed for Australia some weeks later we had him signed up to make three pictures.

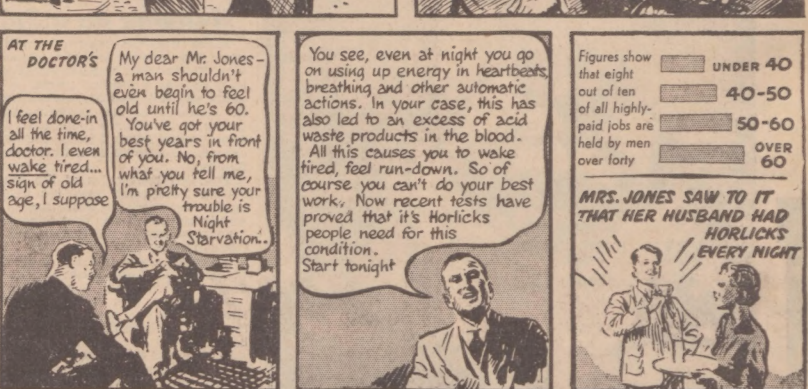
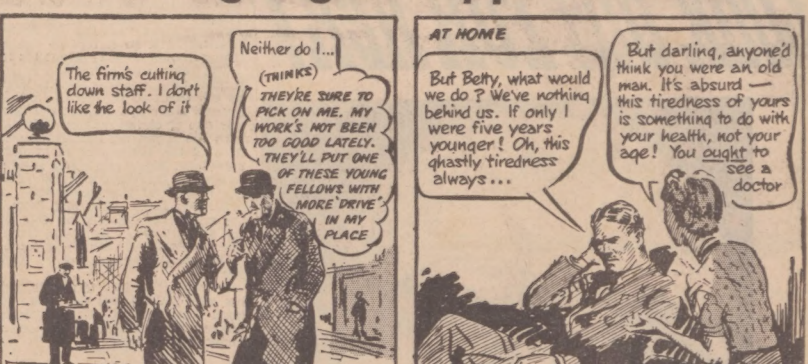
He had actually begun work on one when difficulties arose which ended in the whole deal falling through and Valentino and his wife packing up and leaving for Hollywood, where Joe Schenk took over our contract.

**NEXT WEEK:**  
WORLD'S HAPPIEST MILLIONAIRE



I'm nearly 40...

what's going to happen to me?



### DOCTORS AND SCIENTISTS USE HORLICKS IN HOSPITAL TESTS

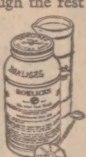
RECENTLY tests were made in a great hospital on men and women who complained of always feeling tired.

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"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."  
"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."  
"My piles are gone, my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health."  
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."  
"After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."  
"My doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from phlebitis."  
Etc., Etc.

These extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of Elasto, the wonderful new Biomedical Remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

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# LOOK OUT FOR HER!



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OUT WEDNESDAY—2d

# Mystery of a White Fakir

# BLACKMAIL of the GODS



MORE than two hundred million Hindus endure a poverty so terrible as to be entirely beyond Western conception. Yet, under the threat of perdition, they pay out to the priests each year a fortune that is nothing short of astronomical. Thus operates the mighty octopus of Brahminism, the powerful organisation that runs Holy India, the richest and most colossal religious racket the world has ever known.

## I LIVED WITH INDIAN PRINCES

By  
**ROLAND WILD**

(The Famous Author and Traveller)

HE sat motionless in the dust, his naked torso and matted head exposed to the full ferocity of the noon sun. In front of him, an empty beggar's bowl; at his side, a hookah (box); his withered right arm was raised in a ghastly parody of a Nazi salute, and his sightless eyes glared from deep inhuman sockets.

As we passed, His Highness shouted back to a servant a brief order. A silver coin rattled in the bowl, and the fakir, without a gesture of gratitude, scooped it out with his left hand and transferred it to a fold of the single thin garment he wore about his loins.

That coin was a fraction of a vast fortune paid annually by His Highness as blackmail to the gods. The dust-covered starving figure at the roadside was one of eleven million of his kind.

In His Highness's domain alone, one-fifth of the revenue of every peasant, merchant, prince and coolie is paid out to the vast privileged army who exist on the charity of the passer-by.

All over India I had met them. In the snows of Kashmir, on the way to the sacred cave of Amarnath, there was the mysterious old man who sat naked in the snows, without even a charcoal fire.

He was pledged to eternal silence, and his only gesture was the shake of his head when the pilgrims suggested in his hearing that hashish had made him impervious to cold.

## Hanging on a Spit

There was the fakir of Allahabad who had blinded himself by staring into the sun; and another whose stock-in-trade was a bamboo frame.

Carrying this with him on his travels, he would erect it at advantageous points on the pilgrim route, light a fire, and suspend himself head downwards, swinging for hours at a time over the flames.

The tiny bent coils of the peasant rattled ceaselessly into his beggar's bowl. I watched him for hours, wondering how it was that this strange human on a spit could still draw breath through such agony.

And then there was the white fakir of Benares. No doubt about his English birth and upbringing. No possibility of him being an Albino Hindu. He was white, with red hair that fell to his shoulders and down his back.

He, too, had taken the vow of silence, and it was said in the bazaar that for twenty years no word had passed his lips.

At night he slept in a hovel in the steaming, overcrowded city. By day, from dawn to dusk, he sat cross-legged, and only when the pitiless sun bored into his ragged flesh did he stretch over his head a thin covering of sackcloth.

Many stories were told of him, of how he had come to this place after relinquishing an honoured position in England, of how his head had been a great name in his own country.

But none knew the truth. To my questions he returned a slow smile, and I thought of him as a happy man.

One half of the eleven million fakirs can be spelt "fakers." They are artists in their way, earning easy money by the tricks of their trade and a carefully rehearsed skill in walking over fire, carrying knives thrust through their limbs, professing to have crawled their way across the breadth of India in the twenty years of their devotion.

For the other 50 per cent. there have been many opinions that they have sincerely tried to fulfil their strange destiny; that they have sought that state of blessedness that is laid down in the Hindu religion.

They are part of the mighty octopus

of Brahminism, the powerful organisation that runs India.

It was to this colossal power that His Highness, together with every other Prince, paid his tribute—and tried to look pleasant about it.

When he was born, the Brahmins feasted and received a gift of £20,000. When he came to the throne, though the finances were at their lowest and he had even to borrow the elephants that preceded his carriage, the Brahmins gave their blessing after receipt of another fortune.

On the birth of an heir, the Brahmins offered their felicitations and counted the gift of £25,000 from the State treasury.

In every village in India, a Brahmin. Not a wasted figure like the fakir who in the sun in silence, but a stock priest of the richest religious organisation in the East, a dignitary in charge of a temple stuffed with treasures.

And at death, it is the Brahmin who makes the decrees that ensure salvation. The penalties for the non-payment of "dues" are sixty thousand years in hell. And there is not a man of caste who will venture to contest that certainty.

One well-educated and intelligent Hindu of my acquaintance was sorely tried. He held a high Government post, and was ordered to England on important business. Returning, he paid the fine decreed by the Brahmins for the sin of "crossing the black water."

For his second visit to England on Government business the fine was doubled. He paid willingly. When ordered to make another trip, he refused. The Brahmins had decreed that a third journey was not permissible. That man resigned his post with the Government.

His Highness told me: "I only hope that the finances of the State will be in a healthy condition at my death, for that is when the largest sums have to be paid to the Brahmins who must arrange for the correct procedure."

"Not only must they provide the sacred wood for my funeral pyre, but they must decree when my remaining ashes are taken to the Ganges and thrown upon the sacred waters."

"In Kashmir the Brahmins convey the ashes of the Maharaja to Hardwar. At every stopping-place on the long journey they have in the past asked for a lakh of rupees—about £7,000!"

Every event in the career of His Highness has meant a huge payment to the Brahmins. When he had completed ten years' reign, the celebrations included firework displays, the release of prisoners from jail, and a remission of taxes.

But these were minor expenses compared to the payment to the priests. It was to the poor of the State that the money went when His Highness was weighed on a giant pair of scales against gold bars, and even then he considered it only fair that he should make himself double the weight by wearing a heavy suit of chain mail.

But it was to the rich that he paid

a greater amount—the gesture of gratitude to the Brahmins for their advice and their prayers.

The greatest of all official obligations for the collection of money in the cause of religion existed in Rajputana in the shape of a shrine, or temple, that attracted many rich merchants.

A condition of entry, to live the life of an ascetic, was that the candidates should renounce all worldly wealth.

The chief Brahmin was in receipt of an income of £10,000 a year. By virtue of his paramount position in the Hindu religion, he was able to spend it as he wished, for he was in the fortunate position of being able to do so wrong.

Candidates were easy to find. The threat of sixty thousand years of discomfort in the hereafter soon reconciled them to the sacrifice of their luxury for the remaining years of their present existence.

Criminals were also among the disciples found at this shrine in the desert, where the strictest discipline was enforced for the good of the neophytes and for the swelling of the chief Brahmin's bank account.

But this is only the higher rank of India's contributions to the riches of religion. In proportion, the lowliest peasant—a rich man in his village if he makes half a crown a week—pays a similar tribute.

## Coins of Years Ago

Every sowing and every harvest must be prefaced by payment to the village priest. And if the average income of India's two hundred million Hindus is a shilling a week, then the Brahmins, at a conservative estimate, must extort from them a sum approaching £50,000,000 a year.

Where does the money go? What has the Brahmin to show for their vast incomes from the peasant who can feed a family on a shilling a week?

A great proportion goes into the ground. Every day the traveller through India finds among his change shiny new coins bearing the date of last century.

On the recall by the banks of an issue of sterling, new and gleaming coins form a large percentage of the money returned as "too old" for service.

Millions of pounds' worth of rupees are "banked" in secret places, considered more trustworthy than the houses of commerce.

Dowries for brides are in shining heaps of coins bearing dates of fifty years ago; cattle is bought in the market with unmarked coins of Queen Victoria's time. And vast sums are stored by the Brahmins in their temples.

The Brahmins themselves are privileged to live like merchant princes on the tributes of the religiously minded peasant.

The organisation in charge of the entire Brahmin system is rich and efficient, distributing its rewards accordingly to merit.

Tragically, little of this money goes to the relief of illness or suffering, and the ceaseless drain on the earning power of the Indian has few beneficial results.

At the other end of the scale from His Highness's huge payments to the priests are the pathetic donations that rattle into the beggars' bowls in an increasing stream all over the continent.

And the close contact between financial affairs and religious matters is best seen at any one of those sacred fairs which formed an irresistible attraction to me in my wanderings.

Watching the stream of pilgrims, unending now as it has been for a thou-

sand years, to the sacred junction of two rivers at Allahabad, I remembered how Mahatma Gandhi had given me his opinion of the average earning power of the peasant.

We had been walking on the high road from his "Ashram," the "Place of Seclusion," where he lived as simply as any hermit, and I pointed to the chimney stacks of a great British factory that obscured the horizon.

"What would you do with that?" I asked the old man.

"I'd sweep it away," he said. "I want there to be the need for every man to make his own necessities, to return to the era of the spinning wheel. Only thus can the Indian obtain a living wage."

"But they pay good wages," I said. "They treat their people well, and by their work, everyone can buy cheap goods!"

But Gandhi had a theory of his own. He said that the payment of a good wage to a few hundred thousand mill workers was unimportant in the gigantic scheme of Indian economics.

## Lived in Cow Shed

"Do you know what the average wage is throughout the country?" he asked. "Or—I will put it another way. Do you know that I would be satisfied with the condition of the peasants if every adult in this country made a halfpenny a day? A halfpenny daily! Untold millions of them never earn that amount!"

Gandhi also ranges himself among those who deplore the steady drain of money into the pockets of the priestly class, and sat and talked to him for hours in a strange company of men and women.

There was his wife, a homely and unambitious soul always hovering at his side, and scolding him when he talked instead of resting.

There was Miss Slade, daughter of an English admiral, one of the most fervent of his disciples, who had taken many lonely trips through India on foot.

There was an American who had given up a fortune in Philadelphia to come to live in the whitewashed cowsheds that formed my own home for a week as Gandhi's guest.

And there was a Swede whose life had been despaired of by the doctors of the West, and who now lay weak and despairing on a native bed, content that his end should come in the "Place of Seclusion" that he believed was the centre of godly living.

## Slumped in a Faint

I had come to Gandhi to ask him about this same question of the power of the priests. Our introduction had been dramatic—unintentionally so.

It was hot weather, and I was ill. Arriving at the "Ashram" at dawn, one of his cultured young disciples had shown me a small shed to sleep in, and, still feeling faint, I had tried to walk across to another hut for assistance.

Already the sun was hot and I had slumped to the ground in a faint before I had walked more than a few yards.

I "woke up" to feel a welcome chill on my forehead, and to hear the voice of a little toothless old man saying: "That's better, isn't it? Cold mud out of the river. The invention of another old crank like myself."

It was Gandhi, kneeling beside me and smearing the mud on my forehead. Thereafter we became good friends, and on his evening walks with the children of the settlement, to whom he used to tell fairy stories of wit and fantasy, I asked him about priest-ridden India.

He himself was already outcast. Caste had no meaning for him, and he had defied the biggest force in the East when he had described as evil the intricate and cruel system that makes one man as low as the animals and another a being who must be supported as a parasite by the pennies of the multitude.

And as he talked, endlessly and wittily, I seemed to see the whole of India as an extension of the Street of the Beggars in His Highness's own capital.

All over India the reaching hands of want and helplessness; all over India the ceaseless movement of thin coins from vast hoards and from tiny hand-pans, into the maw of religion.

## Threat of Perdition

This "Street of the Beggars" was itself a macabre and nightmarish alley. There were steps in it, and iron hand-rails, and on every step, on both sides, there were seated men who had crumbled into ruin.

From them protruded the arms of supplication, and from them came the endless prayer for money.

And round the corner, the old counsellor of His Highness makes up his complicated accounts, earmarking a thousand pounds for this sect of Brahmins; five hundred for the other, as a celebration of the fact that the rains have been plentiful; a gift to another temple, as an expression of His Highness's pleasure. Money to burn.

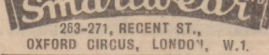
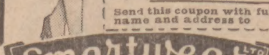
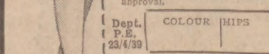
This, then, is the blackmail of the gods, while humans exist in poverty unknown in the West. Two hundred million Hindus paying an astronomical fortune annually under threat of perdition. And on the other side of the medal, a vast nation on the borderline of starvation.

What, then, is the outcome? Perhaps it is with wisdom that His Highness and I drop our contributions philosophically into the myriad beggar bowls of India, into the hands of the holy freaks who have conquered physical pain.

We have given our quota to the biggest religious racket in the universe.

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The Quaker Secret recipe for malting Corn Flakes makes Quaker Flakes absolutely distinctive in taste and much more nourishing.





## TURF BANDITS' BIGGEST COUP

## SECRETS of



## a PRIVATE DETECTIVE

ARISTOCRATIC Ascot on Tuesday, June 18, 1907, had all the promise of being one of the most successful royal meetings.

On the lawns and in the grandstands one could see the nobility of England, the women clad in the long trailing dresses and picture hats that were the mode of the year, the men, as always, in the regulation tail coat and grey topper.

King Edward VII and his queen, Alexandra, had just come down the course, their carriage drawn by the famous Windsor greys, and for the first time old Dean Swift had made the little punter happy by coming up at the nice price of six to one.

On the lawns at the back of the grandstands, standing on a trestle table guarded by a stalwart commissioner, reposed the principal trophies of the meeting—the Ascot Gold Cup, the Gold Vase, the Royal Hunt Cup and many other pieces of plate.

A magnificent sight, one to quicken the pulse when you thought that gathered here were the cream of the English people to enjoy a sport that is as old as England itself.

In the midst of this fashionable throng, rubbing shoulders with peer and plutocrat as to the manner born, stood sharp-faced little Billy MacDermott, "Dodger" to his intimates, public nuisance to the C.I.D.

How "Dodger" ever got into the

grandstands was a mystery. Still, a grey topper covers a multitude of sins, even if it be only a hired one, and "Dodger," with a raincoat over his arm, had slipped past somehow and was now milling around with his ferret face waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up.

A gleam suddenly shot into "Dodger's" sharp eyes. They had just caught sight of the gold and silver trophies lying out on the lawn. "Here's a chance," he said to himself. "What's the odds against this fellow—meaning the commissioner—turning his back to watch a finish?"

What were the odds indeed? "Dodger," no fool, put his theory to the test. One, two, three races passed by and the commissioner, only human, cast eyes on the long hill that leads up to the winning post at Ascot. So "Dodger" did everything else—except "Dodger."

The point was, dare he stroll up to

By  
Ex-Chief Inspector  
WILLIAM  
GOUGH

the table whereon the prizes were resting and dare he lean over it, raincoat over his right arm, and swipe the glittering, graceful specimen of the goldsmith's craft that attracted his eye most—the Ascot Gold Cup?

"Dodger" had closely watched hundreds of people bending over the table admiring the cups, and if he chose his moment aright, there was no reason why he shouldn't do the same thing.

The fourth race, the Ascot Stakes, arrived. As the horses started off on their long two-mile journey all round the course, "Dodger" nonchalantly took up his position at the back of the table, seemingly absorbed in the race, in reality waiting apprehensively for that psychological second when the Cup would have to be lifted.

"When the horses are about a furlong from the post," he said to himself, "is the time."

## DOING THE TRICK

The eleven runners came through Swinley Bottom and turned into the straight, with the favourite, the New Zealand champion Nottulm, already well beaten.

Amidst a roar of excitement, the Washington Singer horse Torpoint shot to the front, and in that split second "Dodger" bent over the table, dropped his raincoat over the Ascot Gold Cup and slid off with it unseen.

What to do with it—that was the rub. He daren't hurry out of the grandstands; like as not a "busy" would stop him and say: "Here, 'Dodger,' what's that you've got there?"

In a matter of a minute or less the loss would be discovered and "Dodger" had no fancy for the C.I.D. asking him what he was doing on the lawns at Ascot. Someone else would have to hold the baby—and pretty quickly.

His only hope of salvation lay in the path that runs along the front of the stands, the path which fills with people from Tattersall's immediately a race is over.

"Dodger," pushing his way through the crowd which had been watching the Ascot Stakes finish, scared stiff that someone would catch a glimpse of his precious booty, got up against the rails anxiously hoping for the sight of a friendly face.

His heart beat pit-a-pat: every moment he expected to hear the commotion break out behind him.

Nothing happened for a minute or two. Then suddenly his eyes lit on an old acquaintance, "Stripes," one of the cleverest heads in England. No common crook was "Stripes"; he was a big-game hunter, a man who went racing to pick up rich young jays with money to burn.

"Dodger," squeezed tight against the rails, Ascot Gold Cup and all, signalled "Stripes" over with a frantic whisper.

## THROUGH THE RAILS

"What's the matter?" asked "Stripes." "What are you doing in there?" "Dodger" beckoned him still closer. "I've got the Gold Cup," he muttered.

"Got the Gold Cup!" exclaimed "Stripes." "Where? Have you gone off your nut?"

"Here! here!" said "Dodger," shaking all over. "Under this rod"—the slang for the overcoat that he and his kind use on their expeditions.

"Good God, you're crazy! What are you going to do with it? There'll be murder in a minute."

"Get it away for me, 'Stripes'; it's my only chance."

There and then with never a thought of the sacrilege he was committing, "Dodger" bent the slender stem of the Gold Cup, crushed the most coveted trophy of the English Turf into the folds of his raincoat, and pushed it through the railings to the dismayed "Stripes."

"See you to-night," he whispered. Then he hurried away, leaving behind him a vastly uncomfortable "Stripes."

things in England without creating much excitement, but you can't make off with the Ascot Gold Cup.

At first, when it was found to be missing, the authorities at Ascot thought some misguided practical joker was responsible. The poor commissioner, not having seen "Dodger" do the trick, swore that no one had been near the table.

But there was the undeniable fact—the Cup had vanished.

Hot-foot came the Scotland Yard staff on duty at the meeting, casting searching eyes thither and thence. Not a trace of any suspect. "Dodger" had already slipped out of harm's way and effaced himself in a more suitable environment—the Silver Ring.

Tattersall's and the adjacent Ring known as The Lawns were combed through for anybody carrying a suspicious bundle, with no luck. In all likelihood the cup had already disappeared from the course.

The racing went on its merry way, the crowd never dreaming that the most daring theft in the history of the "bet" had just been perpetrated. Not a whisper got through to the Press, with a hint from the stewards not to make too much of the incident. The cup might yet turn up.

The news reached London. One enterprising evening journal, torn between two equally spicy items of news that day, the landing in England of the world-famous American humorist Mark Twain, and the undoubted "seller" about the Gold Cup, came out on the streets with this bill.

MARK TWAIN ARRIVES  
ASCOT GOLD CUP STOLEN

which was a sad reflection on Mark, the author of "Innocents Abroad."

An agitated message to Scotland Yard, and I was sent hurriedly down to Ascot to help in the inquiries.

The "bet" was on my voice, indignantly disclaimed knowledge of any foolishness about the missing cup. Every "fence" of any consequence in London was "turned over" with rigorous haste, especially the king of them all—the notorious Cammy Grizard, master-mind behind many a spectacular crime.

"Ascot Gold Cup!" said Cammy indignantly. "Never heard of it. Not in my line."

## SENSATIONAL THEORIES

We ransacked Cammy's house at Dalston; we shadowed him wherever he went—in vain.

Meanwhile, the newspapers were shrieking out all manner of sensational theories, concluding wrongly, as it turned out, that the Gold Cup valued at 250 guineas—had gone into the melting-pot the same night that it had been stolen, and would probably soon be back in circulation in the form of good golden sovereigns.

Anyhow, the Gold Cup had to be run out Thursday night with no cup or the winning owner. And just to continue the public interest, the winner of the race, Elder, was disqualified, and The White Knight, the favourite, was awarded in the objection-room the cup that was missing and the £5,000 worth of stakes that went with it.

I knew all the "boys" in London, and they all knew me. Somewhere among them the secret lay hidden, but not a man would talk. A reward of £50 was offered for the return of the cup—in vain. The annoyed Cammy Grizard was subjected to a search; we found nothing and then, regretfully, the case went into the list of the unsolved.

Naturally I left it behind me when I was transferred back to a division, and I thought no more about it until some time afterwards when a woman who had been useful to me occasionally called one day in a state of great excitement.

Revenge was what she really wanted. A decent, hard-working creature, employed as a stewardess on an ocean liner—she was a widow—she had lived all her life in Dalston and was well acquainted with Cammy Grizard, as were most people in the neighbourhood.

She had an only son, now growing up, and, as you hear numerous absences at sea, Cammy had got hold of the boy, like the Fagin of Charles Dickens, and made a thief of him.

The young fellow had already been in trouble once or twice; it was just a

NO man knows the underworld of London better or more intimately than ex-Chief Inspector William Gough. Famous for many years as one of Scotland Yard's most formidable sleuths, he will reveal in this absorbing new series the inside stories of crime mysteries that made front-page news. He will relate his own amazing experiences as a police officer and as a private detective, beginning with the story of the Ascot Gold Cup mystery, one of the most sensational crimes that ever baffled the police. How the famous cup vanished from under the eyes of its guardians is here revealed for the first time.

Ex-Chief Inspector WILLIAM GOUGH, and (left) the famous lawns at Ascot, at about the time the Gold Cup was stolen.

matter of time, as the mother well knew, before he went to penal servitude.

"This Cup, I am sure," she told me, "is up at Cammy's house in Dalston. I've heard them talking about it."

She had a lot more to probe the mystery which had intrigued me for years.

That night then, taking with me a colleague not so well known to the redoubtable Cammy, I went up to Dalston, after having told the widow to meet me at a certain public-house where I knew the proprietor.

The publican greeted the pair of us with cordiality and invited us to have a drink. We had another, and then, about half an hour later, the widow came hurrying in vastly excited.

She called me on one side and whispered: "He's got the Cup down at his house now. I had a drink out of it not ten minutes ago."

"You're quite sure?" I asked.

"I tell you, Mr. Gough, I saw it with my own eyes and drank some champagne out of it. I couldn't be mistaken. The stem has been straightened out, but it was solid gold, and I could tell by the way all the men were joking about it that it was the real thing."

## SEARCHED THE HOUSE

"Cammy said, 'Have a drink out of this, old dear. You'll never see another like it.'"

It all sounded genuine. I guessed, however, that it would be just as well if my colleague called on Cammy. Such a cunning fellow couldn't be caught merely by my way into his house and asking where the Cup was.

I said to my companion: "Go down there quickly and try your luck."

Impatiently I awaited his return. He was back twenty minutes later with disappointment written all over his face. When I inquired what luck, he said: "None at all. Cammy opened the door to me with his own fair hands, demanding to know what I wanted. I told him I had reason to believe that he had the Ascot Gold Cup in his house."

"Oh," he remarked to that, "You're still harping on that affair. If you think I've got the Cup here, come in and have a look."

"I did. I went all over the house from top to bottom, but not a sign of it could I see. Cammy, I must say, seemed vastly amused. He was smiling to himself all the time, and when I left he begged me to drop in any time I was passing."

So that was that. Five or six years were to elapse before I heard the manner of the Gold Cup's going.

I had gone back to Scotland Yard as Chief Inspector, and not long afterwards one of Cammy Grizard's real jobs—the biggest thing of its kind ever known in England, the £135,000 Hatton Garden pearl robbery—came into our hands.

It was Chief Inspector Ward's case, not mine, though I felt not a little curious, when Grizard was eventually arrested, as to whether anything about the Ascot Gold Cup would come to light.

However, nobody could call Cammy talkative at the best of times. He went to penal servitude for seven years, and the mystery of the Gold Cup remained unsolved until 1917.

One day my old stewardess friend turned up again with a terrible tale of woe. Her son had gone off to the war, leaving behind him a wife who had fallen a victim to the remnants of Grizard's gang who still hung around Dalston.

BORE NO ANIMOSITY

Could I do anything to rescue her? Perhaps, I sighed. Police officers get many such requests and I promised to do what I could.

"But before you go," I said, "what happened to the Gold Cup?"

The old lady—she was now getting on in years—rose to her feet, and "disappeared" out of Cammy's house within ten minutes of my leaving it—the night I came down to tell you she was there. Someone must have warned him you were in the neighbourhood.

"At all events, the cup was taken out the back way, and when your colleague knocked at the front door, Cammy hadn't the slightest objection to answering any questions."

Well, Cammy is dead, as are "Dodger" and "Stripes." I knew the latter many years; he was one of the men who came through my hands over the famous Liverpool bank frauds.

He bore me no animosity afterwards, and I knew little or nothing of the part he played in the theft of the Ascot Gold Cup until the stewardess came on the scene.

"Dodger" What did he get out of it? The nimble "pony" (£25) I believe. And to think that a thief of rascals spends thousands of pounds trying to win this Gold Cup!

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For all these reasons—and especially for Inner Cleanliness—take Andrews regularly. You cannot get its full benefits from any other laxative. 4 ozs. 9d., 8 ozs. 1/4.

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—M. Y., Cornwall.

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LIVER SALT

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## PERFECT MAN— BY THE MOST PICTURED GIRL

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

"MY PERFECT MAN," MUSED BLONDE BEAUTIFUL HELEN BENNETT, AMERICA'S IDOL AND WORLD'S MOST PHOTOGRAPHED GIRL. "GEE, THAT QUESTION NEEDS SOME ANSWERING."



HELEN (No-Under-Thirty-Man) BENNETT.

But answer she did. So gather round, all you young men who feel the Spring in your veins and hearken to the views of "Princess Charming."

No, I is a bit of a blow to youth. "I don't like boys—and by boys I mean men under thirty," Helen, who is staying in London, confessed to me yesterday.

"Men under thirty rarely have the ability to keep women entertained that the over-thirties have."

"The elder men seem to have a certain charm that puts women at ease, enables them to relax and so enjoy each other's company."

"They're more intelligent and do not bore us by talking about things in which we are not the slightest bit interested."

"That's a bit tough on the youngsters," I told Miss Bennett. "Being young is not their fault."

"They console themselves that every day they're getting nearer the day when they'll have acquired that certain something that attracts women," said "Princess Charming."

"The 'Perfect Man,'" she added, "must be fond of sport, but not too fond. He must be well-dressed, but not foppish."

"He must be able to converse fluently on all subjects, including politics, but only when his lady wishes."

"He must be able to adapt his mood to that of his companion. When she is gay he must be gay; when she would discuss the problems of the world he must not start chatting about his golf handicap."

"I like men to be taller than I am," Miss Bennett added. "They must also be courteous to those who cannot answer them back."

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At all chemists, hairdressers and stores. 1/3 and 2/6. (Trial size 6d). Successful results guaranteed with New "VEET" or money refunded.

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The Season's smartest Oxford-style shoe, beautifully made with uppers in soft, pliable Glace Kid. Leather lined and with the newest cut-out trim and stitching; stout, leather sole and self-covered Spanish Louis heel, 2 inches high. Made on short fringed last with simple room at joint for comfort.

Sizes and half sizes, 2 to 7. Brown, Navy Blue. Cash Price 8/11 pair.



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OXENDALE'S 100 MANCHESTER

## Why Freddie Isn't Seen Now!

# SPEED ACE'S SECRET MYSTERY CAR TO ATTACK WORLD RECORD

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

THEY CALLED "WIN-OR-BUST" FREDDIE DIXON THE "TOUGH GUY" OF THE MOTOR RACE-TRACK AS HE ROARED TO VICTORY AFTER VICTORY. NOW HIS ADMIRERS WONDER WHY HE IS NO LONGER SEEN AT THE WHEEL.

He is taking the back seat in racing events this season, I am able to reveal, because he is concentrating on the building of a car of revolutionary design.

Day and night he is to be found in a workshop at the bottom of his garden in Reigate, Surrey, where his mystery car is gradually taking shape.

"For nearly five years I have been experimenting on this car which will incorporate an entirely new principle," he told me.

"This principle has been patented all over the world."

"I am not working to any timetable, but now I have got the whole thing formulated, I hope to make rapid progress with the car's construction. When it is finished, I am sure it will be a 'knock-out'."

"For one thing, it will mean a big reduction in motoring costs."

"The project has already cost me between £3,000 and £4,000, and I am banking everything on its success."

Dixon, who started his career as a garage hand in Middlesbrough, intends to take his completed car to Utah for a bid on the world land-speed record.

Although he has forsaken the track for the workshop, he is maintaining his interest in racing by sponsoring promising youngsters in the game.

One of his protégés is Tony Rolt, twenty-years-old subaltern of the Rifle Brigade, who won the British Empire Trophy in a car tuned up by Dixon.



Freddie Dixon

"Bandit" Was P.C.

## NON-STOP SURGEON AND "TRAP"

A POLICE SURGEON WAS SUMMONED AT HARLOW, ESSEX, YESTERDAY, BECAUSE, HE SAID, HE MISTOOK A POLICEMAN FOR A BANDIT.

Dr. Geoffrey Gorham Holmes, of Maze Green-road, Bishop's Stortford, Herts, was fined £1 for ignoring a signal to stop.

Dr. Holmes's story was that at 2 a.m. he was driving a car in which were valuable instruments and drugs, down a country road when a man signalled him to stop.

Thinking there might be another man in the hedge and that they intended to rob him, he drove on.

The chairman, Mr. H. L. Usborn, said that if a policeman at night was to be treated as a bandit it would be of no use his being out on the road.

## CAR BAN ON WOMAN FOR DRINK OFFENCE

For driving dangerously while under the influence of drink, Phyllis Alicia Walker, aged thirty-one, of Pond Farm, Wisley, was at Woking yesterday fined £10.

Her licence was suspended for eighteen months.

It was stated that the woman drove her car between a hedge and a telegraph pole at Ockham, and that she and a man accompanying her "collapsed on each other."

Mr. C. Bradford, defending, said that the woman had had two bottles of stout, but was not used to taking alcohol.

## He's Paid Big Money Just To Be Natural!

"I DON'T KNOW HOW TO ACT," REMARKED CARY GRANT, WHO GETS PAID A LOT OF MONEY FOR APPEARING ON THE SCREEN.

"All I know," he went on, "is that simplicity and sincerity in a story, its directness, and its acting, can't fail to make a good picture. Love, hate, joy, laughter, are all fundamental human emotions."

"It isn't necessary to have a big bag of acting tricks to express them. Being sentimental myself, I feel parts that are simple, and play them just the way they react on me. It's as easy as that."

"I can tell the minute I read the first pages of a script whether the part is good or bad. Given a good story, good dialogue, and a well-chosen cast, no actor can go wrong."—B.U.P.



Gary Grant

## Why not SLIM & Improve your Health

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Slenderness can be yours without starvation diet or violent exercise if you take Bile Beans. Just a couple nightly before getting into bed will tone you up, purify your blood and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

So start now on the sure way to health and slenderness—the Bile Beans way. You'll feel better in yourself, and soon you'll notice a welcome reduction in your weight.

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"The moment they stepped on the stage..."

WHEN we had our Garden Party last year, it did something for Mrs. Bailey—who lives just across the way from me—who I'd never been able to do.

We'd always been on good terms, ready to pass the time of day and enjoy a chat—but I suppose she thought I was criticising her when one day I ventured to tell her about Persil and how much whiter it washes things, and how gentle it is. Her own washing had never been really up to the mark.

At all events—"Ada," she said, rather short, "you can't tell me there's any real difference between your Persil washing and my washing. Why, I never heard of such a thing!"

None so blind as those who won't see, thought I. And I held my peace.

Then came the Garden Party. The school was giving an open-air play by the pupils. The moment those little girls stepped on the stage, all dressed as fairies, you could see that Mrs. Bailey's daughter's frock looked off-white compared with my young Betty's.

A day or two later I happened to walk into the grocer's when Mrs. Bailey was there. She never saw me. Just as the grocer was putting a packet of her usual washer in her basket, Mrs. Bailey stopped him.

"No," she said thoughtfully. "In future I'll have Persil instead."

## Two Minutes With The Great

## Arrol, The Bridge Builder

MIGHTY monuments to the memory of a Scotsman, who began life as a blacksmith and rose to dizzy heights of fame, are the Forth, Tay and Tower bridges—solid against time and the elements.

From the blacksmith's anvil, young William Arrol went to take a job as foreman in a great ironworks. Before he was thirty, he had set up on his own as a boiler-maker. Then he built himself vast premises at Bridgegate, where he founded the Dalmarnock Ironworks.

After that, success came rapidly to this big, broad-shouldered pioneer with the fearless eyes and the determined jaw.

His first big contract was for the building of the Caledonian Railway bridge over the Clyde at Bothwell. He became known as "Arrol, the Bridge-Builders."

When King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, opened the Forth Bridge, he announced that the

Queen had decided to confer a Knighthood on its creator. "I became what I am," Arrol once said, "because from my youth I looked for work that I wanted to do, and stuck to it because I liked it. And I made it a fast rule always to do my work as quickly, as efficiently as I possibly could."

When the terrible storm of 1879 sent the great Tay Bridge crashing down and 73 persons were killed, Sir William Arrol suffered a great shock.

But his unshakable will and his quiet confidence triumphed again over that bitter blow.

Steadily, manfully, he worked, and five years later, the new Tay Bridge was completed, and opened for traffic. People said that a man who could thus overcome obstacles, who could show such fearlessness in the face of disaster, deserved all the triumphs that could come to him.



Sir William Arrol

## DOCTORS DISCUSS NEW VITAMIN "E"

Doctors and chemists from six countries joined forces at a conference organised by the Nutrition Panel of the Society of Chemical Industry at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine yesterday to discuss the mysteries of one of the newest vitamins—vitamin E.

This is obtained from wheat-germ oil.

ANSWERS TO TEASERS

The following are the answers to the Teasers in Page Five:—

- |               |                  |
|---------------|------------------|
| (1) Sicily.   | (7) Pagoda.      |
| (2) Quixotic. | (8) Maze.        |
| (3) Chamotic. | (9) Skye.        |
| (4) Radiator. | (10) Metropolis. |
| (5) Senate.   | (11) Ridge.      |
| (6) Fallow.   | (12) Dress.      |

## Woman Spiritualist Is Off On—

# 10,000-MILE CARAVAN CRUSADE

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

TRAVELLING IN A CARAVAN, A FRAIL, SILVER-HAIRED WOMAN PREACHER BEGAN A 10,000-MILE CRUSADE OF BRITAIN LAST WEEK. SHE IS MRS. M. A. ST. CLAIR STOBART, WHO EARNED THE TITLE OF THE "LADY OF THE BLACK HORSE" FOR HER EXPLOITS DURING THE GREAT WAR. NOW SHE IS WIDELY KNOWN AS

THE "JOHN WESLEY OF SPIRITUALISM."

After completing a tour of South Wales, she will go to the Midlands, and later to Scotland.

Everywhere she goes she will address meetings on Spiritualism, and her caravan, called the "Pole Star," will be her home and her headquarters.

As leader of the Confraternity in London, she is striving to enlist the support of clergymen, ministers and leaders of all religions in Spiritualism.

"Already 80 clergymen have joined the Confraternity," she told me. During my tour I shall address special meetings of clergy, and at one

or two places I shall speak from church pulpits.

"Such a thing would have been undreamt of a few years ago, but to-day there is a greater understanding of Spiritualism and its teachings. Spiritualism without Christianity is a danger; Christianity without Spiritualism is a deception."

As she journeys from place to place in her motor-drawn caravan, Mrs. Stobart will be busy writing hymns.

Already she has written 211 which are regularly sung at the Confraternity meetings in Wigmore Hall, London.

And she has just completed a new series of 50 hymns for children.

Mrs. Stobart claims to have been a pioneer of the women's army—by being the first woman in history to take command of a field hospital.

With the rank of Major, she rode a black horse as she led her column more than 600 miles over the mountainous country of Montenegro and Albania during the Serbian retreat.

At the beginning of the Great War, when she went to Belgium, she was arrested by the Germans as a spy and was actually condemned to be shot. There was a last-minute reprieve and she was set free.

Today she is playing her part in National Service as an air-raid warden in the Hendon area.

# Sooner or later you're bound to come round to Persil whiteness



# "Man o' the People" writes on— "THINGS THAT MATTER TO YOU AND ME"



hasn't been able to get War Office orders through because other demands were given priority.

The new Supply Ministry may change all that and put first needs first, but why have we had to wait for it so long? Why, moreover, has Sir John Anderson only now decided against deep underground shelters as an effective policy against air raids?

Sir John is a man of affairs, a keen, resolute, strong-jawed fellow of the "Empire builder" type. But he has had since last September to think things over and consult all the available experts.

He may have worked wonders we not of, but the only visible rabbits produced out of his conjurer's hat are his small steel shelters and now his "three months' plan" for local authorities.

RECENT news strengthens the view that our old friends have there will be no war, but our own strong preparedness is obviously the very foundation of the "peace front."

That is why so many people are disappointed by the Government's unpromising rejection of the Finsbury plan for deep air raid shelters, which would serve as underground car parks in normal times, and its apparent failure to agree upon any complete programme of A.R.P.

For technical reasons there may be a good case against the deep shelter theory of civilian defence, but the Fins-

It isn't, some of you may object, a time to poke fun at any Government activity—if any—but, on the other hand, it may be better to laugh over spilled milk—or wasted time—than to cry over it.

And, indeed, the writer has no wish to make a joke of A.R.P. The critics have done enough "pin pricking" as it is. All that the country wants is to see the Government getting down to brass tacks on this and kindred problems.

It is not enough to appeal to the local authorities; it is not enough to urge them to "a sustained effort for three months" which would bring us to "a definite stage in the preparedness of the country"; what the public needs and demands is direct and vigorous action by the Government itself.

We can but hope that between them Sir John Anderson and Mr. Leslie Burgin will give us the kind of lead we have been waiting for so long and see to it that necessary equipment is always available for all volunteers in every branch of National Service.

## Waiting For His Master's Voice

YOU must not suppose that all this insistence upon the need for swift and resolute preparations means that "Man o' the People" thinks the international situation has taken a turn for the worse.

He thinks nothing of the kind, but "we've got to be prepared" was never meant as a war slogan at all; it is meant as a call to the keepers of the peace—the people of this country to whom all the world is looking for an example of courage, commonsense and leadership.

The air raid sirens need never sound provided the peaceloving countries stand firm in their resolve to resist aggression by their united strength.

Italy, you may be very certain, has no wish to hear them. One could not expect Mussolini, speaking in Rome on Hitler's birthday, to anticipate "his master's voice," but even so, the Duce spoke more softly than his is wont.

He was addressing a meeting of business men who intend to exhibit at the Italian World Fair in nineteen forty-two, and he said that he is mobilising just now an army of workmen.

"The attempt to suggest that the Axis wants war," he declared almost plaintively, "is absolutely unjustified. We want to get on with our work."

WELL, there's nothing to stop him in that. We want to get on with our work, too. So does Roosevelt. But we can't do it in comfort while "the Axis" is laid at the root of the tree of all normal endeavour.

Mussolini has not made any real reply to Roosevelt. He hasn't offered that

guarantee of peaceful intentions which the American President asked for, but I think he would like to do so if he dared.

Unfortunately for him and for Italy he has to wait for Hitler; he has to echo "the master's voice."

THIS country and all its friendly neighbours have to wait, too, but they can wait with a new confidence. For time if we will but use it wisely, is clearly on our side.

A. G. Gardiner, a great editor in his day and still a grand old journalist and student of affairs, wrote a special article last week in which he said that Roosevelt's perfectly timed message has "dramatically changed the balance of power and has placed the democratic cause in the ascendant for the first time since Hitler started his career of conquest in Austria little more than a year ago."

He also predicted that, if Mussolini should ever "drive Europe to war at the behest of Hitler, Italy will crumble in his hands." He does not think that Mussolini would last two months, and he believes that Italy would be out of the war within that period.

"Man o' the People" believes that, too, and since Hitler must understand the situation no less clearly than Mr. Gardiner, can he be likely to put his junior partner to the fatal test?

## No War; But Little Peace?

MY own view is that we must look forward to a longish period of no war but of very little peace. I predict that the Fuehrer will reject the Roosevelt plan in his Reichstag speech next Friday and, instead, put forward a so-called plan of his own.

Of course, he will talk of "enrichment" again, and this in spite of the fact that Lord Halifax has earnestly assured the world that we have no wish either to encircle Germany or to interfere in any way with her normal and lawful development.

But I do not think he will make a war speech, only a war-like one. If he could win a war and win it quickly, he might take the risk. As it is, I rate his intelligence too highly to believe him capable of so mad an adventure.

For these reasons and many others which there is no space to discuss, we can face the future in a spirit of sober optimism.

But we must be prepared for everything—particularly the long strain of an uneasy peace.

*A Man o' the People.*

## THE WORLD ON PARADE

# Nazis Tot Up The Bill

IN 1913 Germany's national income was 45.69 billions of marks. Taxes were 5.14 billions, or just over 11 per cent. Twenty years later taxes were 30.6 per cent of national income of 45.18 billions. In 1937, when Hitler's costly programme began to leave its mark on the economic life of Germany, national income had increased to nearly 70.97 billions and taxes to 23.79 billions—or 33.5 per cent.

But there is more than that to the actual cost of Nazi "triumphs." Secretary of State Brinkmann has confessed that more than a half of the national income is used to carry out Nazi political and social tasks. The State distributes about two-thirds of the national income.

have running ten-transatlantic services a month, running at a yearly loss of some £200,000. U.S. Congress has already voted nearly £200,000 for the year 1939-1940 to pay for the transatlantic mail.

British manufacturers of real silk are fighting an almost hopeless battle with the Japanese, who can market in this country chiffon squares at 11s. per dozen, as compared with the home manufacturer's costs alone of 20s. 6d. Last year 700,000 dozen squares were imported, enough to keep busy 2,000 looms for a whole year.

## Plenty

PORTUGAL to-day is a shining example of the virtues of peace. In recent trouble-free years she has enjoyed successive budget surpluses, has wiped out the floating debt, improved public services, and put many of the unemployed to work.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—  
GOLF came from field hockey—father of all ball-and-stick games?

In 1300 shuffleboard was frowned on as a vice in England because royalty said that it encouraged boys to gamble?

First racecourse in history was London's Smithfield Track, built in 1174 and attended on opening day by less than 500 visitors?

Town Bowling Club, Southampton, formed in 1290, is still in existence and holds matches regularly on 600-years-old green?

Squash originated at Harrow School in 1850?

Camels can outrun horses after three miles?

There are 104 distinct breeds of dogs, all of them belonging to one of the six following major groups—greyhounds, wolfhounds, hounds, spaniels, terriers and mastiffs?

The ancient custom of egg-rolling which was held in the Avenham Park, Preston, last week, had its origin in the dim past before the advent of Christianity?

## POSER

A MAN soars 15 miles above the earth's surface in a stratosphere balloon. Assuming that he has unobstructed vision and ignoring undulations, what area of the earth's surface is visible to him?

For the purposes of the problem, take the earth's diameter to be 8,000 miles and its shape a perfect sphere.

Solution to last Sunday's poser: Speed of second train is 30 m.p.h. and its length 170 yards.

THE LOOKER-ON.

## Power

JUGOSLAVIA, with its huge resources of mineral wealth, could be valuable to the Axis Powers. Germany already does considerable trade there—last year she imported 380,000 tons of bauxite, raw material from which aluminium is manufactured; 4,900 tons of copper and 74,000 tons of lead. Yugoslavia also produces large quantities of iron ore and antimony.

Little known facts about British trade: Our exports of walking sticks and Chamberlains (I mean gangs) last year were worth £108,000. We also sold abroad 185,000 gallons of writing ink and £277,000 worth of mustard. English razors and needles to value of £1,000,000 were sent to all parts of the globe.

Air mail from Britain to European and Empire countries has increased from 200 tons in 1935 to 3,000 tons in 1938. Only 600 tons of letters a year are carried by air inside Britain.

## Air Push

BY summer of next year Pan-American air company expects to

ADVERTISER'S ANNOUNCEMENT

## Don't Blame Your Shoes! IF FEET ACHE Put Them Right With Zam-Buk

Do you throw off your shoes with a sigh of relief as soon as you get home from work, shopping, or recreation? Nine times out of ten it's not the fault of your shoes, but simply that you're not looking after your feet.

If you want feet in perfect condition treat them with Zam-Buk Ointment. First bathe your feet in warm water at bedtime (and morning if possible). Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into ankles, instep, sole and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Corns are softened and easily removed; blisters and chafing are healed, and feet are made comfortable.

"My shoes felt so tight because of swollen, painful feet. I couldn't enjoy a good walk or dance. But bathing my feet in warm water and rubbing in Zam-Buk was wonderfully soothing, and the treatment soon eased all the soreness and swelling."—Mrs. N. P. P. Carshalton.

1/3 or 3/-. Of all chemists & stores.



THE WORLD'S BEST SKIN REMEDY  
Since the beginning of the century Zam-Buk, the great herbal ointment, has proved most reliable for the treatment of sunburns, blisters, rashes, eczema, poison, bites, insect stings, etc. It also cures bruises, burns and other skin injuries. Never use without Zam-Buk in the house—there's nothing so soothing and healing.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly

## THOUGHT for To-day

Show your mettle, and you'll never be on the scrap heap.

From Miss A. Egan, Ormskirk Rd., Rainford, Lancs.  
Helfa-Guinea will be paid for the best original thought published. No quotations from books, calendars, etc. Address (on postcard) to "Thoughts," c/o The People, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

bury scheme was submitted ten weeks ago, and even Sir John admits that this sort of protection may be provided for key workers.

What about the rest of us who are not key workers? Everybody knows that "dog kennel" shelters can't meet the needs of the entire population in every area, but nobody yet knows what is to be done for the multitude which is, so to speak, outside "the kennel club."

AND that reminds me of a very old music-hall ditty of which the chorus with certain variations, may here be quoted:—

Sir John won't leave his little tinny hut for you—oo—oo  
He's got one shelter or it may be two—oo—oo;  
But what may happen, there is no knowing  
If his three months' plan should ever get a-going—  
Then—perhaps—he'll find a rather better 'ole for you!

## CIGARETTE PAPERS

It is difficult, says a writer "for one man to disagree with fifty thousand." But referees often do.

"Our aims," says a politician, "should be clear to everybody." But with some darts-players, you never know.

"A tortoise," says a naturalist, "is by no means the slowest thing in the world." Timeless Tests, for example!

## TO-DAY'S PROVERB

You can bravely face life's journey, unless we can catch mozzies or sunburns to-night, and their isn't much hope of that. But, whatever happens, we've just finished one of the best country holidays we've ever had.

Just before we came away Farmer Oats took us to market with him and before we started we had to help him load small little pigs to take to be sold. As Father had cum down for the 4-day, he had to help, too, and, oo-lummy, we didn't have a pantomime!

Farmer O. was doing sum other job for the moment, and so Father offered to be boss of the pig-loading party. He started by marshalling all the family like a regiment—our family I mean, not the pig family—and sending us to our sentry-posts. But our Florrie finked it, and retreated indoors out of the danger-zone.

That's just like our Florrie, isn't it?

She was always saying how sweet the dear little pink pigs were, with their curly tails, but when she had a chance to do something she just skeddaddled. I'd have liked to have seen her hopping about a muddy farmyard in her by-healed shoes. She wouldn't have looked so much like Garbo as she fancies she does!

Father pointed me at one yard-gate and Horrie at the other, and then went boldly into the pigsty to fetch out the 7 little pigs. Ooo, you should have seen him fly out again! The old mother-pig said: "Gercher!" in a loud sobbing sort of voice. Father tumbled out backwards, head over heels, and the seven little pigs came out in a stream.

Father shouted: "Stop 'em grab 'em, hold 'em!" Round the yard they flew, with me and Horrie chasing after them, running and stumbling among the crows. We waited them. Every other creeper on the farm got into a panic of excitement. Hens fluttered about, squawking, ducks quacked like billyho, and all the little pigs made noises like hart-broken crooners. Every time Father tried to catch one it dodged him, and then lifted them one by one into the cart. When Father came up pulling and pushing, he said he'd rather try to stop Stan Matthews on the wing than tackle that Marleen, that kept slipping between his legs and upsetting him.

At last Farmer Oats came, larking, to the rescue. He got them into a corner, and then lifted them one by one into the cart. When Father came up pulling and pushing, he said he'd rather try to stop Stan Matthews on the wing than tackle that Marleen, that kept slipping between his legs and upsetting him.

## CUP FINAL SONG

We can't all play in the Cup Final. We can't all even see it. But we can all get excited about it, and we mostly do. In fact, if there was any man in England not interested in the Cup Final I'd like to meet him. He could be exhibited as a freak.

We like to lead a quiet life—Don't often get worked up. But we can hardly hold ourselves. About the English Cup. We have our various lives to lead: We have our private plans, But on one great day in the year, We all are football fans!

Chorus: Through England far and near, it's the one day of the year. When everyone's excited and "het up." It grips the whole darned family—your sister and your brother, Your granddad and your Cousin Fred, and even dear old Mother. And everybody in the land's on one side or the other!

They're all on good old Wembley and the Cup. Oh, each man has his favourite club, Of which he'll fondly dream, In fact, they're sure to win the match—But for the other team, Our feelings run so keenly, We can hardly eat or sup: It seems a real pity that Both teams can't win the Cup!

Chorus: Through England far and wide, whatever the tide. We all have got to "Keep our pecker up." There's a friendly, sporting spirit in old England's greatest game; That's the only way to play it—and it seems to me a shame If the world's disputes and quarrels can't be settled just the same. In the style of good old Wembley and the Cup.

These ear-itching hot pains which shoot through your feet until they puff-up and swell, are caused by **ACID**. This crippling condition is in the skin-pores. Your feet are to every square inch—more or less of the body. When these waste acid piles up in the feet, it causes your shoes to burn, corns and callouses form. Shift that acid or go on suffering. Treatment is a daily foot-dip in a small handful of Radox. It soothes, cleans, and changes the water, cleans out the crippling acid, gets away the burning, itching, swelling, and, finally, the pain. It's in pink packets, 2/6 double in cubes 3 for 7/6.

10 oz. Pink Packet 1/6

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## GAS MASK FOR MOTHER AND CHILD



SEVERAL types of gas masks and bags for the protection of babies have been issued in Germany. With this gas-proof bag for mother and child, air is pumped in by hand-operated bellows.

## New Watch On Germans In Britain

# "VISITORS WITH SINISTER AIMS"

## "BUSINESS" MEN AS SPIES AND BLACKMAILERS

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

**M**ANY GERMANS, WHO ARE OSTENSIBLY PAYING "BUSINESS" VISITS TO THIS COUNTRY, ARE BEING CLOSELY WATCHED BY OFFICERS OF SCOTLAND YARD'S SPECIAL BRANCH. THERE ARE GRAVE SUSPICIONS ABOUT THE GENUINENESS OF THEIR SO-CALLED "COMMERCIAL" INTERESTS.

It is believed that these visitors are here for the purpose of carrying back to Germany military and economic information collected by their agents in Britain.

In addition they indulge in some profitable blackmailing of the wealthier German and Austrian refugees who have recently fled from their homelands and now live here.

The "business" visitors from Germany also bring over regular instructions to their agents, and remittances for people on their pay roll.

Several of them, on being shadowed, have been seen to go direct to premises which are known to be the headquarters of one branch of the Nazi organisation in London, and to another building which houses several German "business firms" which are doubtful from a commercial point of view.

Some of the men who are being specially watched are visiting Britain apparently in connection with German commercial firms, touring organisations, fur firms, and banking institutions.

### Imprisonment Threat

One of their special lines of "business" is to call on German and Austrian refugees and demand the refund of money which they brought out with them when they left the Fatherland.

The refugees are told that, if they do not pay, their relatives in Central Europe will be penalised, imprisoned, or sent to concentration camps.

Consequently, these "commercial travellers" and "business envoys" are going back with thousands of pounds which they collect weekly by these blackmailing tactics.

What makes them do their work so thoroughly is the fact that they get a percentage of the money they collect.

### DANZIG FOOD CARDS

Danzig, Saturday.

Food ration cards for butter, eggs and meat are to be introduced here, it is rumoured. This will be a further step towards bringing life in Danzig into complete uniformity with that in Germany.

There is no serious food shortage at present, but from time to time it is difficult to obtain butter, and much that is sold is of inferior quality.—Reuter.



SONS OF GUNS

Chatham seamen snapped during a rehearsal of their field-gun display, which will be one of the events at the Royal Tournament at Olympia.

## St. George's Day

**A**ROSE for England—No war-like emblem this, Nor worn in challenge of our fellow men; Freedom with justice all our purpose is; In peace our hope of human happiness again. Yet some, mistaking much our gentle knight, St. George, have found him ready with his merry men To meet the tyrant dragon in its might: A thorny, stubborn, fighting people then Arose for England.

Man O' The People.

## ENGAGED



Miss Priscilla Adams, only daughter of Commander and Mrs. J. B. Adams, of Ashley-gdns., London, whose engagement is announced to Mr. John Drake Delano-Osborne, Royal Scots Fusiliers, only son of Major-General O. H. Delano-Osborne, of the Old Palace, Beckesbourne, Kent.

## "The People's" OWN SECRET SERVICE NEWS

**T**AKE with a large pinch of salt the jitterbug rumours that Hitler's Reichstag speech next Friday will precipitate war.

The Fuehrer himself has not yet decided how he will reply to President Roosevelt's peace plan. Our tip is that he will hedge discreetly and follow Mussolini in declaring that while other nations arm for war, the Axis desires peace.

Hitler will probably soft-pedal on his own armament programme. You can expect a switch from swaggering boasts and veiled threats to sarcasm and jibes at Roosevelt's expense.

On one point he has already made up his mind. He won't agree to any peace conference, will probably excuse this attitude by scoffing at its necessity.

German mechanised troops massed near the France-Luxemburg frontier ten days ago have returned to their garrisons in Westphalia, the Rhineland and Wuertemberg.

**W**ATCH for a new move in the present French-Italian deadlock over Tunis, Jibuti and the Suez Canal. Pierre Laval, former Premier, skilled in the art of diplomatic negotiation, will go to Rome to hammer out problems with Ciano.

Paris Government circles are reticent about this mission. But you can take it that Laval's bag is already packed. He will go with the British Cabinet's blessing.

**S**HROUDED in strictest secrecy are Chinese negotiations in America for the supply of £3,000,000 worth of planes and aircraft equipment for use in Far East conflict.

Chinese Embassy in Washington denies knowledge of transaction said to be for 100 planes, including 300 m.p.h. Seversky fighters, bomber and training machines.

**C**ABINET reshuffles are still in the wind. Don't be surprised if Winston Churchill returns, maybe to replace Lord Runciman as Lord President of the Council.

There's no place for Eden yet. The Prime Minister doesn't want to scare Mussolini away when he may be contemplating friendly overtures towards Britain and France.

Our trade pact with America is not proving popular with U.S. Woollen manufacturers.

## Flown 8,000,000 Miles

# WITHOUT ONE CASUALTY!

SPECIAL TO "THE PEOPLE"

**F**LOWN 8,000,000 MILES, AN AVERAGE OF 1,000,000 EACH, AND CARRIED 300,000 PASSENGERS, NONE OF WHOM HAS BEEN INJURED—THAT IS THE RECORD OF THE HANNIBAL AND HERACLES PLANES OF IMPERIAL AIRWAYS.

It is claimed that these fleets, first put into service in 1931, have done more than any other to popularise air transport.

In 1935, Imperial Airways' first year, the mileage flown was 853,042. By 1938 it had increased to 6,223,968. Up to March 31 last the company's machines had flown over 40,000,000 miles, and they are now flying 30,000 miles a day, equivalent to the distance to Australia and back.

When the company started in 1924 the staff numbered 260; now 3,685 are employed. In the United States, Germany, Italy, France and Poland heavy Government subsidies are paid to air concerns, but Imperial Airways receive much less generous support.

Twenty-four tons of mail now leave England each week on the Empire air services—equivalent to over 2,000,000 letters a week.

This month marks the 15th anniversary of the founding of Imperial Airways, which will shortly become a public corporation.

### £8,000 ESTATE LEFT

### TO MAN AND WIFE

Mrs. Selina Fanny Taylor, of The Grove, Hipperholme, near Halifax, left the whole of her £8,384 property between Reginald Carl Raby and his wife "in recognition of the services they have rendered to me, and their kindness since the death of my husband."

## "Sleep Insurance" for Millions

**E**VERY night to countless thousands of persons throughout the world, 'Ovaltine' brings the assurance of deep, refreshing sleep, and there are definite reasons for the universal popularity of this delicious tonic food beverage.

The great advantages of the composition and special properties of 'Ovaltine' have been proved by every conceivable test—many conducted in Hospitals, Sanatoria, etc.

A 3-year series of scientific sleep tests, for instance, showed that 'Ovaltine', taken regularly, cut down restlessness during sleep, made sleep sounder and gave a

feeling of being better rested in the morning.

'Ovaltine' is a natural food, entirely free from drugs. Its constituents—malt, milk and eggs—provide all the vitamins and other vital health elements that give vigour and build up the body, brain and nerves. Eggs are liberally used because of their valuable nerve-building properties. No tonic food beverage would be complete without eggs.

And remember that although 'Ovaltine' is a complete food beverage of supremely high quality, it is the most economical you can buy—the 1/1d. tin makes as many as 24 cupsfuls.

## Biggest Ever Peacetime Budget

# £1,300,000,000 TO FIND

## KID BERG RELEASED

New York, Saturday. **KID BERG**, the former British light-weight champion, was released from Ellis Island today, following his detention there on his return from a fight in Bermuda.

Before being allowed to land here this morning, Berg was required to put up a bond of \$100 to guarantee that he would not remain in this country after the expiry of his visa—September 15.—Reuter.

## WOOLWICH STRIKE IS OFF

**E**MPLOYEES OF MESSRS. SIEMENS' ELECTRICAL WORKS, WOOLWICH, YESTERDAY AGREED TO CALL THE STRIKE OFF AND RETURN TO WORK TO-MORROW.

It is understood that Mr. C. T. Wellard, who has been in charge of the strikers, will not be resuming work pending further negotiations, but assurances have been received there will be no victimisation.

The strike was discontinued by the Amalgamated Engineering Union, of which the strikers were members, and for three days they defied the Union instruction to return to work.

About 8,000 men who came out received no strike pay and had to depend upon their own pooled resources and local charity.

## INDIRECT TAX INCREASES LIKELY

FROM OUR POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

**S**IR JOHN SIMON WILL HAVE A £1,300,000,000 BUDGET TO LAY BEFORE THE CABINET TO-MORROW, AND BEFORE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON TUESDAY—THE BIGGEST THE NATION HAS EVER HAD TO FACE IN PEACE-TIME.

And although the Chancellor has come to the conclusion that extra taxation will be inevitable, he does not expect that this will cause much resentment, either in the House of Commons or in the country.

He will explain that up to a few weeks ago he had planned to get through the coming year without any new taxation at all, but the Mene and Albania coups by Hitler and Mussolini made the doubling of the Territorial Field Army and the speeding up of A.R.P. measures essential.

### FOUR POSSIBILITIES

Thus the Budget is to be £50,000,000 more than it was a few weeks ago.

A penny a pint more tax on beer, two-pence a pound on tea, a penny an ounce on tobacco, a penny a pound on sugar—all these possible extra taxes are being considered, although all of them will not be needed.

Nobody will know which have been chosen until Tuesday afternoon. The Chancellor is hoping to get through the year without increasing

Income Tax, Surtax, Death Duties or National Defence Contribution, though Surtax may become payable on incomes of £1,500 instead of £2,000.

He may argue that direct taxation of this kind is already paying as much as can reasonably be expected, and that it is now the turn of the indirect taxpayers to foot their share of the bill.

The Chancellor is expected to announce in his Budget speech that the first instalment of this year's Defence Loan will be floated during the summer. It is expected to be for £200,000,000, and the second instalment, of £175,000,000, will follow it soon after Christmas.

## A DAY TO REMEMBER!

**M**AKE a note of May 27. Yes, it's Whit Sunday. But it's also the date of the Grand Final of "The People" National Darts Team Championship at Empress Hall, Earl's Court, London.

Tickets are 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. Get one without delay from "The People," 6, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

## GOVERNMENT AND B.B.C.

— A Denial

**T**HE POST OFFICE ANNOUNCES THAT THERE IS NO FOUNDATION FOR THE REPORT THAT THE GOVERNMENT IS CONTEMPLATING THE ADOPTION OF ANY SPECIAL MEASURES OF CONTROL OVER THE B.B.C.

The report, published yesterday, was to the effect that the Government planned to take over a greater measure of control of the Corporation as from June 7.

In Ministerial circles, the suggestion came as a surprise and was received with incredulity.

IN ONLY THREE MONTHS  
**OVER 31,000 PEOPLE**  
COMPARED AND SAID  
**"I'D RATHER HAVE A MORRIS"**



THE GREATEST  
SALES FIGURE  
EVER RECORDED

There can be but one explanation for these great sales—you get better value, features, performance and service—finer motoring altogether—in a Morris. The verdict of so vast a majority of motorists CANNOT be wrong!

Prices from £128 to £345. (ex works)

# MORRIS

RECORD SALES are the finest ASSURANCE POLICY when buying a car

IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM  
Morris Motors Ltd., Cowley, Oxford. Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exporters Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, Eng. M.309

From Our Own Correspondent  
Toronto, Saturday.

**"S**OMEONE HAS SAID THAT YOU CAN ALWAYS GET THE TRUTH FROM A STATESMAN AFTER HE HAS TURNED SEVENTY, OR GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF THE PRESIDENCY OR THE PREMIERSHIP.

"Well, I have qualified on both counts. I cannot speak for Canada, but I know that at home the ring has gone out of the old political battle-cries.

"The best young men and women in all parties, the leaders of tomorrow, think more and more alike on major issues. Victorian laissez faire, if not dead, is dying."

Earl Baldwin made that statement today in the third of his lectures at Toronto University, when he dealt with the menace of Naziism to justice and liberty.

"Most of my fellow countrymen would endorse what I have just said," he added.

"Civilisation may perish as the result of war. It would certainly perish as the result of Naziism triumphant beyond the borders of the country of its birth."

"To whatever ideology a people may submit itself is its own concern. But when that ideological system is imposed on other free countries that is the concern of all free men."

### "MR. PENNY" AT RICHMOND

Richard Golden, "Mr. Penny" of the B.B.C., plays lead in "Galileo Gold," a new light comedy by M. C. Hunter, at the Richmond Theatre this week. Constance Lorne and Eric Cowley are others in the cast.

**"I can see you  
didn't have your  
Ovaltine  
last night!"**









## Thought She Was Bride-To-Be

# "GAY NIGHTS"—THE GIRL PAID

## "PROPOSAL" BY WIDOWER WAS JUST A RUSE

A THIRTY-SIX-YEARS-OLD WIDOWER, FATHER OF SEVEN, WHO WAS SAID TO HAVE SPENT £154 OF HIS FIANCEE'S MONEY ON "GAY NIGHTS," WAS AT BRENTFORD YESTERDAY SENT TO PRISON FOR THREE MONTHS.

Joseph George Raymond, a motor driver, of Bell-ave., Cherry-lane, West Drayton, was accused of obtaining by false pretences £90 from Miss Nina Elizabeth Read, of Algar-rd., Isleworth, Middlesex.

Detective B. Lee said that 12 months ago Raymond was introduced to Miss Read. He proposed to her, they became engaged, and the marriage banns were published at Isleworth Parish Church for the wedding to take place at the beginning of September.

Raymond told Miss Read that after they were married he would like to take a public-house. He said he had about £140 capital, but needed a further £30, and that he had obtained a public-house at Sunningdale.

The £30 was given by the girl, said Detective Lee, and later she gave him a further £30 "to complete the deal."

Raymond told Miss Read that after they were married he would like to take a public-house. He said he had about £140 capital, but needed a further £30, and that he had obtained a public-house at Sunningdale.

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## GARDEN NOTES

## SUCCESS WITH MARROWS

By RICHARD SUDELL, F.R.H.S.

NO plant is more useful in the allotment than the marrow for hiding an ugly dump or corner. Plants should be set out six feet apart to allow for development.

Prepare the site for each plant by digging out a hole two feet wide and deep and replace the soil with rotted manure or decayed vegetable matter, over which place a few inches of soil. Seeds may be sown in position, three at each station, to be thinned out later. Marrows, however, are easily damaged by frosts, and the seedlings should be protected with a sheet of glass or a cloche until frosts are over.

Where there is plenty of space, use the trailing varieties; long green flecked with white or long white.

The bush type of marrow is more suitable for small gardens. It requires a square yard in which to develop and is treated in exactly the same way as the trailing kinds. Here again, there are green and white varieties.

NO WOMAN'S CHIC WHO WEARS WOOL UNDIES A WEEK



HERE'S HOW TO WASH WOOLLIES OFTEN WITHOUT SHRINKING THEM!

DO YOU know that some women actually wear wool undies for as long as a week without washing them? It must be because they're afraid frequent washing will shrink the wool.

But with Lux you can wash your undies often without the slightest fear. That's because Lux doesn't leave any bits of undissolved soap behind in the wool. Matting... felting... shrinkage are often caused by undissolved soap. But with the Lux way of washing there's none of that!

Your finest woollies look all the lovelier for frequent washing in Lux.

## Double life for corsets

Your belts and all-in-ones will keep their fit and wear twice as long if you give them a Lux dip each week. Lux preserves their elasticity.



LX 2477-274-55 & LEVER PRODUCT

## WELL PLAYED!

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## New Quest Begins

## £5,000,000 PRIZE IN HOLD OF SUNKEN SHIP

ENGINEERS ARE THRUSTING A GIANT DAM INTO THE SEA ON THE WILD PONDOLAND COAST, ABOUT 20 MILES NORTH OF PORT ST. JOHNS (CAPE PROVINCE), IN AN ATTEMPT TO RECOVER THE TREASURE IN THE WRECK OF THE EAST INDIAMAN THE GROSVENOR.

The wreck lies in Grosvenor Bay, named after the ship, and is believed to be covered with about 10 ft. of sand and about 23 ft. of water.

Since the ship went to her doom in August, 1782, with 150 people aboard, 15 attempts have been made to salvage her.

She was on a voyage from Ceylon to England when she foundered. All but one of the 150 aboard were able to reach shore. Numbers of them perished in an attempt to reach Cape Town.

If the new attempt at salvage uncovers the wreck, the mystery of the Peacock Throne of the Great Moguls may be solved.

## HUNDREDS OF GOLD AND SILVER COINS

This treasure of the East has been estimated to be worth £5,000,000. It was described by the last European to see it in India—a Frenchman named Tavernier—as being 6 ft. long and 4 ft. broad, with the body of beaten gold and encrusted with diamonds. There is a theory that this throne, which disappeared during Persian raids on India in 1739, may have been aboard the Grosvenor.

The ship carried a rich cargo, even without the Peacock Throne. Evidence of that was given in 1893, when the most hopeful of the 15 salvage attempts yielded several hundred gold coins and a quantity of silver.

Two of the attempts were made by the British Admiralty.

The present salvage attempt is being carried out by the Grosvenor Treasure Recovery Company (1938), Ltd., which was formed by Mr. G. L. Van Delden and his brother, Captain C. H. F. van Delden, both of whom have had considerable experience in salvage work.

Captain Van Delden's plan is to build a dam to enclose the area where the wreck lies, pump out the water and sand and thus expose the wreck.—B.U.P.

## MISS MURIEL

LOWE, who plays for Middlesex, will be included in the British girls' team visiting Australia next winter, paying her own expenses of £200 which she has saved over four years.

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**Ambrose Wilson LTD**  
1523 Ambros House, 60 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1











## DRY SCALP

drains the life  
out of your hair



Use this **HAIR DRESSING**  
that ends Dry Scalp

Is your hair dry, dead and lifeless-looking? If so, you've got Dry Scalp, which can lead to dandruff, scurf, falling hair and eventual baldness.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp troubles. Every morning sprinkle on a few drops, rub in with finger-tips until the scalp tingles pleasantly. Then brush your hair.

This hair dressing keeps your hair perfectly in place; at the same time it does your scalp good all day long! Soon your hair will be healthier, stronger. You'll feel and look smarter.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic saves you money too. You need only a few drops. 1/6 a bottle, also large economy sizes 2/6 and 3/6. Prices and free offer not applicable to Eire.

**MARVELOUS FREE OFFER**  
For a trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and a packet of 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps (to cover postage, etc.), with your name and address (in block letters) to Dept. P.150, Clarendon House, 4, Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.



The hair dressing that ends DRY SCALP

**NEW!**  
1 Gets under dirt, scurf and dandruff.  
2 Gets scalp and hair really clean.  
3 Leaves no sticky soap scum deposit in hair.  
'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO 4D

# Edward Lyndoe Tells You— HOW YOU CAN PLAN WITH THE PLANETS

SIGNS OF  
THE WEEK

**T**O-DAY MARKS THE OPENING OF THE LAST PHASE OF HITLER'S CAREER. THAT IT NOW HAS LITTLE, IF ANY, MORE THAN TWELVE MONTHS TO RUN ON ITS PRESENT LINES IS CLEAR TO ME—IF INDEED ON ANY LINES!

From now on he is to be dogged by misfortunes and disappointments, in spite of brilliant strategy. The charts show the net results of his efforts will be the virtual extinction of Germany, split once more into dependent States.

Between now and the opening of 1940 Hitler will plunge into one adventure after another, the next one (seriously affecting a neighbouring State) coming in a short time. May is a crucial month for German ambitions, and will produce a crowning act of stupidity.

**G**IBRALTAR and the Mediterranean form the subject of numerous inquiries. Here are statements which are quite positive:—

- 1.—The totalitarian States will not succeed in dominating the important countries which cover British interests.
- 2.—Neither Italy nor Germany will control the Mediterranean as they imagine.
- 3.—Success of a British move in the next few days, and representing a novel policy, will offset any threat to our communications through Gibraltar, which this column has insisted for several years is Mussolini's real objective.

4.—Mussolini's barrack-yard bawling about "Our Sea" is baloney—and he knows it; his chart shows him already planning a treacherous escape from his entanglements with Germany. This will involve an act unbelievable and dramatic.

5.—I firmly believe that if Duce is to come to the end of his chapter—politically, it is not actually of his life—before the end of 1942, and cannot gain time enough to realise his plans, anyway.

**O**THER readers ask if there is yet time for Britain to deal with the general situation in Europe. Bless your hearts, yes! I am completely optimistic about events up to the end of the next twelve months, beyond which no danger of lasting damage to British interests exists. Moreover, the Premier's peace—and time-saving—policy is absolutely confirmed by astrological trends.

And here's a longshot which should cheer you up considerably. Would you believe it possible that by the autumn there will actually arrive the moves (long predicted here) towards resuscitation of the League of Nations?

## BRIEF BIRTHDAY INDICATIONS

(Applying to those whose anniversaries occur this week)

### TO-DAY

**R**ATHER a depressing year, but it will have its advantages. Chief among the snags appear to be some possible set-backs in connection with occupational interests. Now for the advantages. In spite of the slowness of the going the year brings greatly increased stability in practically all interests.

### TO-MORROW

You should be able to report good progress by the time you come to the end of your twelfth month. Strongly expansive tendencies set in almost immediately, and it seems probable that there will be decided advancement in either occupation or general status very shortly.

### TUESDAY

This is a year of interesting changes, and you can strike out on new lines with every confidence of success. New ventures do surprisingly well. Some of these link up with important new friendships contracted during the next few months. It is definitely a year for widening your interests.

### WEDNESDAY

Although this year could hardly be beaten from a purely financial viewpoint, it may be rather disappointing in other respects. In particular, progress with occupational interests is irritatingly slow.

### THURSDAY

An up and down kind of year, with the balance inclining well in

**IF YOUR BIRTHDAY IS THIS WEEK you can have a specially compiled Month-by-Month Review of your affairs up to the end of April, 1940 (over 3,500 words!) by applying AT ONCE, together with a P.O. for 2/- to cover clerical and postage costs. State name (Mr., Mrs. or Miss), full postal address, date of birth, and send to: Edward Lyndoe, c/o "The People," 93, Long Acce, W.C.2.**

your favour. The principal disadvantages appear to be a certain amount of tightness where money is concerned.

### FRIDAY

Little to arouse excitement this year. The atmosphere inclines to be sluggish, and there is little prospect of any startling developments in any direction. Given care, the general financial position is reasonably sound.

### SATURDAY

A year packed full of interesting developments. Expansion all along the line clearly indicated with some special benefits attaching to occupation. This is an excellent time for tackling new ventures and embarking on changes generally. New friends may be an important feature of the year.

## HOW WE ALL STAND THIS WEEK

(Look for your birth date below to find your section.)

**I** STRONGLY recommend the utmost caution with everything during the early days of this week. Tuesday marks a definite danger-point, and it is essential that at that time you avoid the unusual in any shape or form.

### APRIL 21 to MAY 20

You appear to encounter snags during the first half of this week. I specially recommend plenty of caution with all home questions this side of Wednesday. As far as possible all major activities for this week should be planned to coincide with Wednesday, which is one of the outstandingly good days of the whole month.

### MAY 21 to JUNE 20

Stormy weather sets in for you folks on Monday and holds good right the way through to Thursday. It seems to me that most of you are going to find yourselves in the thick of a fine quarrel, and you will need to watch your step if it is not to have serious consequences. Thursday brings much more settled conditions.

### JUNE 21 to JULY 20

Older people than yourself tend to create difficulties as the week opens. In addition, you may have to face a financial upset of some kind. No need for anxiety as Wednesday gives you a fine opportunity to get everything straight again. There is a possibility even of some slight gains on that day.

### JULY 21 to AUGUST 21

Rather a hectic week-end for you folks, with everything at sixes and sevens. Then on Monday you meet with some unexpected assistance, although this is dependent on avoidance of anything of an unusual nature.

**AUGUST 22 to SEPTEMBER 22**  
You come up against snags almost immediately, and Monday is a trying day with disputes well in evidence.

I suggest you concentrate all your more important activities on Thursday, which offers a fair measure of success with your arrangements.

### SEPTEMBER 23 to OCTOBER 22

Disturbed conditions prevail in home life at the beginning of the week, and your mind may be greatly exercised regarding the affairs of younger people. You will be well advised to watch your step with everything until Wednesday.

### OCTOBER 23 to NOVEMBER 22

Need for care with everything at the beginning of this week. Difficulties reach crisis point on Tuesday, with special significance attaching to £ s. d. Definitely no time for tackling anything new.

### NOVEMBER 23 to DECEMBER 20

Both £ s. d. and home interests appear to be suffering from a fair degree of strain as the week opens. I strongly urge care with everything this side of Wednesday. Mid-week brings a general easing of the tension and also more positive assistance in the shape of at least one vital new contact.

### DECEMBER 21 to JANUARY 19

You start your week with two extremely encouraging days. The week-end brings a fair amount of settlement in current problems, and Monday gives you just the chance you want to push your plans. Unfortunately, Tuesday tends to upset the apple-cart, and if you are not very careful you will find yourself in the thick of quite a serious dispute.

### JANUARY 20 to FEBRUARY 18

A helpful week-end, but I suggest you drop Monday out so far as important engagements are concerned. Tuesday opens up a highly favourable spell for most of you, and from then until Thursday you manage to get pretty much your own way with everything.

### FEBRUARY 19 to MARCH 20

A fair amount of opposition from friends tends to interfere with progress at the beginning of this week. Signs, too, of stormy conditions in home life and a hint of financial strain. No need for anxiety, because in spite of its quarrelsome tendencies Tuesday is almost bound to bring you some pretty concrete advantages.

Well, that's so—and more surprising is the manner in which American moves will contribute to it. President Roosevelt's dramatic suggestions to the world will not achieve immediate success, but will come to triumph all the same by the tendencies I have mentioned.

**W**HICH reminds me, I am specially requested by arrivals from America to offer my views on the situation there. May looks like being important for remarkable business rallies and still stronger American pressure on Europe's bad boys.

In June I expect confidently a big move, in harmony with Britain, designed to restore mutual prosperity—with great success. So far as I can estimate, July marks the high-point for the present year in most questions over there.

I am optimistic about U.S.A. issues and markets, as well as her immediate political future. Late summer, however, finds Uncle Sam having to take some pretty drastic action in South America (probably with arms) in consequence of threats to his holdings.

**I**N the Far East is happening what twelve months ago seemed impossible when predicted here: first-class Chinese offensives with thousands of square miles of territory, and important towns, recaptured. Let me remind you that I gave this June as showing the Japanese beginning to squeal. Present chatter about her value to the Dictators, therefore, is nonsensical to astrological observers. Incidentally, next month contains all the necessary influences for a major earthquake in Chrysanthemum Land with heavy mortality—also physical dangers to the Imperial Family.

**P**RESIDENT ROOSEVELT July, latest, brings a spectacular victory for Chinese arms with terrific repercussions in the Japanese internal situation, with Government crises and changes. It would appear that Axis arrangements with Germany suffer eclipse then—certainly a decided cooling off.

I told you when the alliance was formed that Hitler was wasting time and energy. You could fairly safely bet on strong revolutionary movements in Japan by this autumn.

**N**OW the weather: warm conditions till Tuesday in most places, according to my estimates, and then a brief change at mid-week to overcast skies with rain strongly probable. The end of the week should be up to standard, however, with the sun well in evidence.

## WHY GIRLS LEAVE HOME

THE GIRLS... blamed their mother

DAD... tried to keep the peace

1 DAD GRUMBLES AT US FOR GOING OUT—MOTHER WON'T HAVE FRIENDS HERE—I'M FED UP WITH LIVING AT HOME!

2 NEXT MORNING—ON THEIR WAY TO BUSINESS

3 THE FOLLOWING MONDAY

4 THAT EVENING

5 A FEW WEEKS LATER

6 AT THE PARTY

7 THE TROUBLE WITH MOTHER IS THE WAY SHE SCRUBS THAT BLESSED WASH. NO WONDER SHE'S WORN OUT AND HATES BEING SOCIABLE.

8 YES—BUT, PEGGY, A GIRL AT THE OFFICE TOLD ME HER MOTHER DOES THE WASH A GRAND NEW WAY THAT'S EASY AS WINKING. NO HARD WORK AT ALL. I'LL ASK HER ABOUT IT!

9 MY DEARS, THESE 'EASY' METHODS AREN'T THOROUGH. STILL, I'LL TRY YOUR RINSO ONCE—JUST TO PLEASE YOU!

10 ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT! YOU WERE RIGHT AFTER ALL, DEARS! I NEVER SAW THE CLOTHES WHITER AND BRIGHER—YET I DID NO HARD RUBBING, AND GOT THE WASH DONE HOURS SOONER. I'VE SAVED 30 MINUTES' FUEL, TOO. IT'S RINSO FOR ME FROM NOW ON! I FEEL GRAND!

11 TROUD, I'VE FORGOTTEN THE MEANING OF THE WORD, THANKS TO EASY RINSO WASHDAYS!

12 MUMS, YOU'RE A REAL SPORT!

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# SPORTING CHATTER

## MORE BLAH ABOUT CUP FINAL TICKETS

### THIS PROBLEM CAN NEVER BE SOLVED

WHAT A LOT OF BLAH HAS BEEN TALKED LATELY!

Critics who ought to know better have been pumping out much inflammatory matter regarding that hardy annual "The Great Cup Final Tickets Ramp." More hot air has been expended on the prickly question of player-insurance. It is all very damnable and, of course, the F.A. is to blame—as usual.

All I can say is: It must be Spring. For these are the facts:

Both finalists, with their quota of 12,000 tickets each, are getting more than before. When it is remembered that there are 300,000 regular followers of football in London—and yet the two clubs receive a quarter of the tickets—there should be no complaints.

They grumbled that Portsmouth distributed only 5,000 tickets to people in the queue out of their 12,000 allocation. So What? "Spats" Tinn and his staff had been flooded with postal applications long before that. Amid all this blather and head-headed talk one salient fact emerges. Not one of the hot-air merchants has come forward with a really constructive plan to better the system.

If Wembley could hold 200,000 there would be the same trouble. The F.A., quite correctly, issues tickets to the clubs and county associations. They say it is up to these concerns to put their house in order. But I put it to you: How can anyone stop club directors, players and officials from selling tickets to their friends? Answer that one and you're a genius.

Anyone could think that Rome was built in a day by the way some folk talk. Patience is the one virtue it comes to checking the activities of the ticket racket. An impossible job, anyway. It is why the F.A. the other day quietly announced that no steps had been taken to alter the present system of ticket allocation.

Then there is all that nonsense spilt concerning the insurance of players. If the truth is sought it will be found that, for years, a Mutual Insurance Federation Fund, administered by the Football League, has contributed £10,000 yearly in player-insurance. Every year the First and Second Division clubs pay 1 per cent. of all gates; Southern Section clubs pay 1½ per cent., and the Third North contribute 2 per cent. The F.A. also have a Benevolent Fund, and even now are paying compensation to dependents of footballers killed in the war.

A prominent football director said yesterday: "The statements about players being badly treated are causing friction between clubs and players and are doing the game much harm."

## Reversing the Process

HUNDREDS of young men have stepped out of the professional footballers and were mighty glad to leave the dull and arduous training. Jimmy Clough, twenty-two-year-old amateur inside-left, who scored in each of his first two League games for Southampton last week-end, had to go DOWN the hill before he could play football. This was after leaving school in Northumberland he went to work as a butcher boy, then as a canteen boy, and finally as a canteen boy, and finally as a canteen boy.

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Any club in need of an extremely useful half should send their representative to have a look at young Warburton, who has been given a free transfer by Bristol Rovers.

An ornamental plaque to the memory of the great Stephen Bloomer is to be installed in the board-room of the Derby club. It will hang on the wall opposite a portrait of Steve wearing his international cap.

Manager Brough Fletcher, of Bristol Rovers, intends to bank on youth for next season. He has a list of 25 players retained by that club are under twenty-two. Five have not yet celebrated their coming-of-age.

I don't suppose you've ever heard of Deane Albion, a little-known Manchester League club. But if you haven't, Chelsea and Coventry have. A friend writes to say that both clubs would like to have two of the Albion's young forwards on their pay-rolls—Rolle and Ramewar. This is not hot-air; these lads are considered budding stars. Make no mistake about that. Remember the names.

Arthur Cumliffe, upper little winger of England, Villa and Blackburn fame, has recently taken on the captaincy of Hull, and don't know any more about it. He is a young man of 21, and is a very good player. He is a very good player. He is a very good player.

Goal-scoring centre-forwards in the East Ham district appear plentiful as blackberries in autumn. Last week we called attention to the exploits of Ford's leader, Beards. Last week we called attention to the exploits of Ford's leader, Beards. Last week we called attention to the exploits of Ford's leader, Beards.

Footballers with a HOODOO

SPARE a tear for the Jonahs of big-time football. When Tommy Jones or Billy Brown make their 200th consecutive appearance we give 'em a big hand and speak of their wonderful consistency.

Sure they're consistent, but they're darned lucky into the bargain. They would probably readily admit. What about the Jonahs—the men who run into trouble at the end of the season and are never out of the hands of the club doctor and trainer?

They're not physically unfit. But they were born under an unlucky star and suffer all their lives. I won't delve into the murky record books. I will merely give you one or two recent examples of football's Jonahs—the men with a permanent hoodoo.

I can't imagine anything more cruel than the fate that has befallen Russell. Russell has been in and out of the hospital in a recent match against Southend his right leg has been amputated. Russell is in Southend Hospital, his career blasted. No one's fault, everyone's sympathy. The Football League will help. So will the Northamptonshire and the players will have a whip-round.

Then there's Wilson Parker. Bradford City's goalkeeper was admitted to the other day to Bradford Infirmary for treatment to a badly injured knee. Now Wilson's good sport and good mind his share of the arrows of outrageous fortune, but when a whole battalion of archers have a pop at him he is entitled to kick.

In six years at Valley Parade the he has had six separate spells in Bradford hospitals, and in addition has twice been badly hurt in away matches that he has been left in hospital in a strange town. Parker has had all sorts of fractures; he's refused to lie down, but Fate has tried hard to deliver that final hook to the jaw.

But enough of this. Let's help these unlucky fellows all we can and let the first to do so be the Tommy Joneses and Billy Browns with their scores and scores of consecutive appearances.



GETTING READY FOR WEMBLEY  
Cup Final favourites Wolves on boot-cleaning parade at Molineux.

## My Soccer Broadcast

I UNDERSTAND THAT EVERTON WILL NET A PROFIT ON THE SEASON OF MORE THAN £10,000.

Behind that bald statement lies an epic of initiative and achievement. It began when the Mersey-men wrung glowing adjectives from dyed-in-the-wool Scots during the Glasgow Exhibition tourney last summer.

Their regard for fundamentals delighted the clans. Cool positional play, ball-on-the-carpet, the pass to the open space—all were there. They did not win the competition, but they were the best of the English by the length of a New York skyscraper.

Everton surprised even themselves. A was described their reaction as akin to that of a man coming out of an anaesthetic. They were suddenly confident they were a swell team. And oh, boy, were they right!

LAST season Everton finished ninth from the bottom, totalling 39 points from 11 home wins and five away against five home defeats and 14 losses away. They shared the points five times at Goodison, twice at the old ground, and once on the modern Everton tradition that one might find team played at Goodison Park but that for some inexplicable reason, the same 11 men never produced quite the same form elsewhere. Then came Glasgow and the Great Revolution. Before yesterday, Everton had won 16 home games for one defeat; had triumphed 12 ways to ten against a deficit of seven games lost for an aggregate of 57 points. At Charlton yesterday they triumphed 12 ways to ten against a deficit of seven games lost for an aggregate of 57 points. At Charlton yesterday they triumphed 12 ways to ten against a deficit of seven games lost for an aggregate of 57 points.

TO enrich your exchequer by £10,000 is some going, even for a club of Everton's standing. It reads even better when I repeat my exclusive paragraph of last week that "though more than £5,000 has been spent in benefits this season, while Mr. Theo. Keane, secretary-manager, was recently granted an increase in salary, Everton continue to show their appreciation of long and faithful service by presenting trainer Harry Cooke with a benefit cheque."

ANOTHER thing. At the conclusion of every season, the Everton Shareholders' Association give an outing to poor children. Funds are raised throughout the season by collecting "bun" pennies (i.e., pennies showing Queen Victoria with her hair waving and a crown). This year they are having a draw for a cricket bat and a football, both autographed by various sporting celebrities.

AND now for the week's most human story. It appears that Everton officials are so confident they would beat Preston last week-end and win the League title that a beautiful row of plating champagne bottles was placed in the board-room ready for "popping." Visitors who crowded the room for the drawn game were only just in time to see them hiding the bottles!

THEY can talk till they are sobbing for breath about the virtues and possible vices of gland treatment without anyone being one whit the wiser. Alex James, Wolverines, Portsmouth men—all have been injected with gland extract. This animal extract. The toning-up effect, says the inventor of gland treatment, is temporary. It lasts for a beginning after a period of six weeks. Nevertheless, no one yet has answered my question: What happens to a footballer after he is transferred from a club to a non-gland club of the same class? Is it the gland, or the injections are discontinued, does the player revert to normal or sub-normal?

THE nabobs of football could get vexed issue. By that time expert medical opinion may have answered my question. But a ruling must be made as to whether or against gland therapy. Other clubs, the success of two gland clubs in the Cup is evidence of the success of gland therapy. So get to it, you experts. You are about to cut it by a quarter, present season. Mid-September as a start is quite early enough.

I DON'T want to draw odious comparisons. But Sunderland's treatment of Jimmy Clough, that brilliant Scot left-winger, who has been advised to give up the game, stands in shining relief to the game, stands in shining relief to the game, stands in shining relief to the game. The club will not only give him all the compensation he is entitled to, but will also find him work. One wonder how Sheffield Wednesday can afford to pay a free transfer to a player who has been advised to give up the game. One wonder how Sheffield Wednesday can afford to pay a free transfer to a player who has been advised to give up the game.

FIVE members of Blackburn's Cup-winning side of 1928 will don jerseys once again on Wednesday night in a charity game. Players are Campbell, Heales, McLean, Jones and Puddefoot. They will be joined by a new team selected by C. E. Davies, captain of East Lancashire. The game will be played at the club's ground, and this is the second meeting between the two sides. In the first match the score was 3-3.

IN 1935 Sheffield Wednesday won the Cup for the first time. The manager was Billy Walker and their inside-right, Sutes Last week-end, Nottingham Forest visited Huddersfield. The game was a free transfer and extracted a point that might prove invaluable in their struggle to avert relegation. Wednesday won 1-0. But here's the whole point—manager of Nottingham Forest is Billy Walker, who was left (not inside-right this time) is Sutes. Those scheming made the golden goal possible.

## Conducted by "The Chatterbox"

### THE McMULLAN RECIPE ALWAYS PAYS!

### WEDNESDAY WOULD BE CREDIT TO TOP CIRCLE

I WRITE, HAVING JUST SEEN SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY DRAW WITH FULHAM. A MOST IMPRESSIVE PERFORMANCE. ON THIS DISPLAY IT WOULD BE A SMALL TRAGEDY IF WEDNESDAY FAILED TO EARN PROMOTION, FOR, OF ALL THE TEAMS SEEKING THE ELUSIVE JUMP, I AM CONVINCED THE HILLSBORO ELEVEN WOULD BE A CREDIT TO THE UPPER CIRCLE.

It is easy to praise and difficult to criticise the calm, controlled style which James McMullan—quite as we would expect—has introduced. In every sense of the word Wednesday are a cultured side. If that classic restraint doesn't bear fruit next month, there will be an explanation—almost an excuse.

Blame their Cup run. "Run" is altogether the wrong word. Wednesday spent 147 playing hours in the competition! Then they only got to the fifth round! And 780 minutes to win two games is certainly tortuous progress. Almost a waste of time, you might say—now.

The effect of all this was to leave the club with vital League games to make up, and the edge temporarily of their game. Nobody could expect Wednesday to win the Cup. Theirs is not that sort of game. Look at their goal average. Before yesterday it was 84-57—testimony to a go-ahead style from which negative football is banished. Altogether it would have been a disaster if their Cup career had been short-lived. Instead of which—

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467th Round











Chester: Chester-st., Oxford-rd., England.  
23, 1939.